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PEACE
LOVE

In Joeseph Knecht's holograph translation:
... For although in a certain sense and for light-minded persons non-existent things can be more easily and irresponsibly represented in words than existing things, for the serious and conscientious historian it is just the reverse. Nothing is harder, yet nothing is more necessary, than to speak of certain things whose existence is neither demonstrable nor probable. The very fact that serious and conscientious men treat them as existing things bring them a step closer to existence and to the possibility of being born. [Ha!]

Albertus Secundus
tract. de cristall. spirit.
ed. Clangor et Collof. lib. I, cap. 28.

# THE YEARBOOK OF DUKE UNIVERSITY

Vol. LXIII
No. 5 in a series,
Collect them all.

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Publications Board
Duke University
Durham, N.C.

The triangle cut-out above is here not merely to remind you of Trinity College. At the request of the yearbook staff and the prompting of quite a few bucks, Western Publishing Company designed especially for us a diamond-edged die-cut that was eventually used to punch out the very hole you see. The result is an immaculate three inch isosceles triangle and the possibility for you to appreciate perfect form.

Good morning, sweet companions. There are four ways that you perhaps reacted to the triangle of the last page. Some of you believed its uniqueness, while some vehemently did not. There are even those among you who immediately stuck their finger against an inner side, destroying its delicate perfection. But most of you are probably just wondering what the hell does this have to do with **my** yearbook. Well, friends, stop here, slow down and end your expectations. Between your hands is not what you expect, but is rather a simple tool, a primitive optical instrument for examining your year at Duke. You must **use** the tool, it can not use you. For example, what does the picture on the opposite page mean to your experience here?

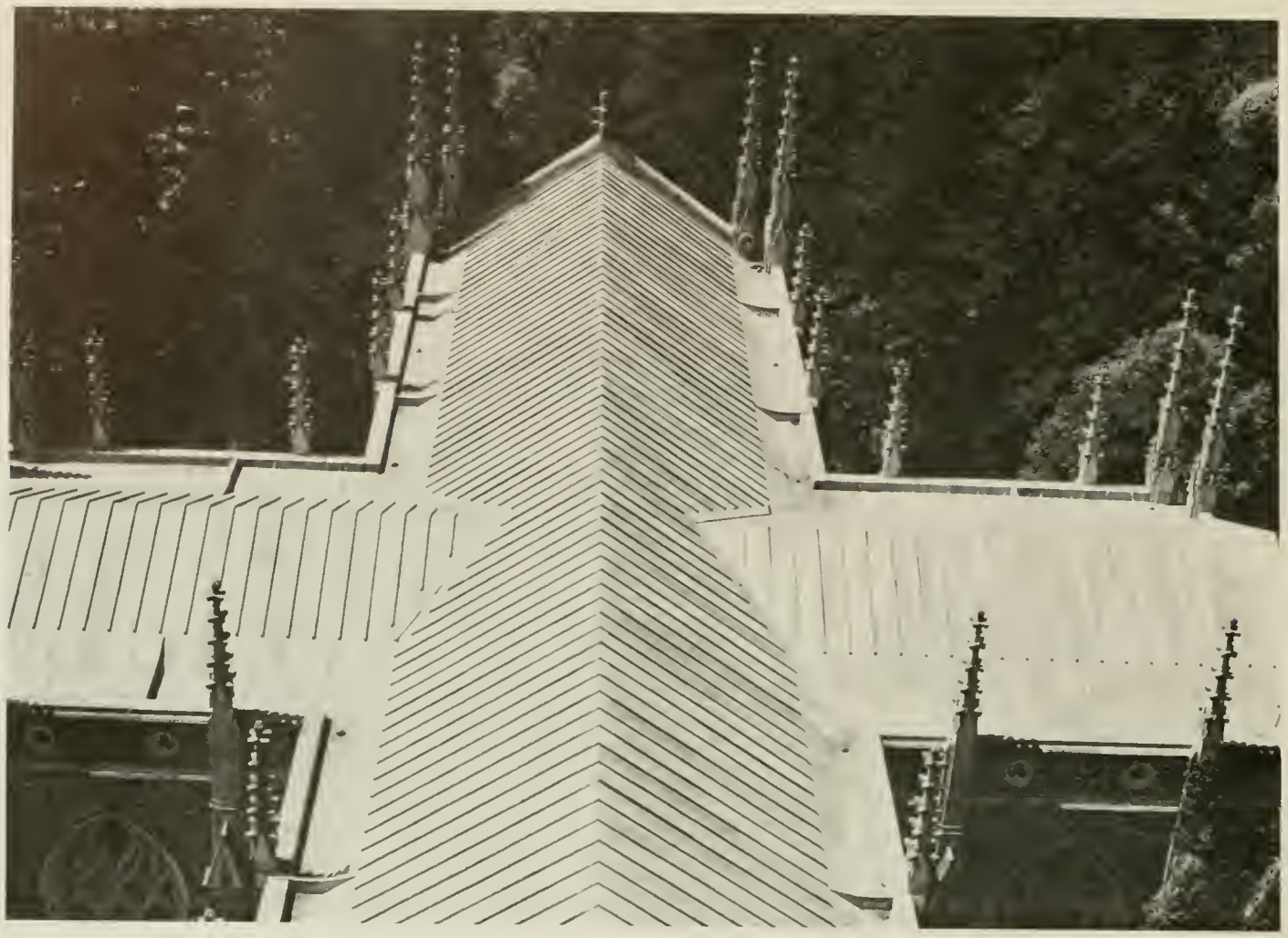
Watch yourself.

Triangles. An Empty three-sided form. The most stable structure in the universe. Lao Tzu has said:

Thirty spokes come together on a single hub, but it is on the space where there is nothing that the usefulness of the cart depends.
A vessel is made from a lump of clay, but it is on the empty space within that the usefulness of the vessel depends.
Doors and windows are pierced to make a house, and it is on these empty spaces that the usefulness of the house depends.
Thus, while being has its advantages, it is not-being that makes it useful.

Interesting. Indeed, Pierre Boulez, perhaps the greatest aesthetician of the modern world, has had the audacity to simply proclaim "Form is what interests." Perhaps this is the problem.

EPWORTH



# STOP AND READ THIS OR THE FO

**Dear Reader, nostalgia is an odd emotion, sweet but uncompelling. Here in Volume I we hope that you can enjoy this feeling. Yet we have also attempted to go a bit further than that. Recognizing an increase of student attention given this year to things other than the material, we have compiled what we hope to be a re-usable resource, a visual tool through which you may view your 1975 experience in a more fruitful manner. We have attempted to pass on a wisdom that we feel is necessary to pass on, a wisdom that was discovered and used to perfection by many that have gone before. The next few pages attempt, but cannot convey the cohesive complexities of this way of thought and should not be considered as an argument presented to convince. They are merely an introduction that now frames our pictures. Sweet companions, see the Buddha.**

About 2600 years ago, a young man named Guatama Siddhartha Sakya began to doubt all the sensual pleasures, intellectual stimulation, and hopes of a good career that made up his existence. He could not help but enjoy the quiet security of a walled castle provided for him at his father's expense. You see however, despite the best efforts of his father and the keepers of the castle, he occasionally managed to slip down from his ivory roost and go for joy rides into town. It was there he saw explicitly the dark side of the human condition. He saw sick people, hopeless people, starving people, and dead ones. The town and its people supplied the real teachers and allowed him to see the much more subtle pain of his own position. Soon his good books, great art, beautiful wife, and even his small child began to lose their ability to satisfy. There had grown a feeling within him, a feeling as yet quite undefined, that his present happiness was rather shallow and only fragilely protected from a transcience that affected all men. The suffering he had seen in town had aroused a great empathy for man that he could not ignore and a strong aversion to his present way of life. He chose to reject his father's offer of a political career, already realizing that even economic reform could not affect the suffering he had seen. So one night, without telling his father or his keepers, he slipped out of town, lopped off his luxuriant hair, and set out to discover a more direct way for he and all men to escape their plight.

He still wanted teachers. Being a sincere seeker and diligent student he soon found the best. From one Arada Kalama he learned to reach the very peak of ecstatic existence. Yet he did not find liberation. And by Adraka Ramaputra he was shown the blissful door beyond perception and non-perception, a state of nothing-at-all. Both men came to proclaim the student as their equals, but Guatama was still not satisfied. Though finding these experiences unspeakably pleasant, he was still driven to something more. He found his meditations to be no better than psychical masturbations that did not end his desire to reach out and end the suffering of all living beings. Indeed, the presence of this desire became the crux of a problem he now saw. It was desire itself that shackled man. Doubting the validity of external help, Guatama realized that the answer was within and unreceivable.

The great teachers of the day had based their teachings on the assumption that the desires of the body confined the mind from absolute liberation. Their prescriptions were to mortify the body to release the mind. Retiring to the jungles to become a solitary ascetic, Guatama began to observe the strictest of physical austerities. He practised breath control and fasted intently for almost six years. His diet soon consisted of but one kernel of rice a day and body grew skeleton-like and grotesque. Seeking the answer to his questions, he reached the very edge of death. But death sent no replies. Finally, in a state of utter emaciation, he began to suspect that his now constantly troubled meditations on the nature of the mind were being harassed by the very thieves he had sent to rob the body. As weak and fragile as a dying man, he had not even the energy to interrupt his rambling mind. Perhaps this division of mind and body was but a conditioned, moral distrust of a very useful unity. But where did this now leave him? Guatama thought back and recalled his first meditation experience. As a small child, his nurses had left him one day sitting undisturbed beneath a tree. Unaware of the demands of sensuality and the expectations produced by adulthood, comfortable and well fed, the child simply and without effort attained his first ecstatic experience. Perhaps nothing was wrong with happiness and a healthy body, thought the now older

# LOWING WILL BE NOWHERE

child. Beginning to eat again, he set out to find a suitable environment for his new exercise.

Trees, trees, trees, but no talk about the cosmic nature of trees. A cool night under a full moon and the Bo tree at Bodhgaya. With strong body, Guatama sat down facing east and resolved not to rise until he had attained the realm of the unconditioned, the absolute liberation from death, birth, and desire. Of course, his most notable resolutions were met by equally impressive detractors. Protesting against their coming destruction, the ego summoned its most powerful passions and fears. Those who take LSD and see monsters come nowhere close to Guatama's experience with the horrible aberrations that came to shake his resolve. Yet against all, he sat fast. Even worse were the subtle forces of libido that so sneakily attempted to disrail his motivations of pure love. Yet again Guatama remained open and non-discriminating in riding this unmatchable energy and from the confines of sensual love escaped his boundless compassion for all beings. Withstanding the most powerful protests of the ego, only successful insight lay ahead of him.

Ascending through the four stages of trance, he attained the direct awareness of reality beyond opposites. During the first watch of the night he was able to view his previous states of existence in all their multitude. In the second watch he saw the death and rebirth of all living beings everywhere. He said later that the world appeared as an unjudging mirror that did nothing but reflect the deeds of one's previous existences. And in the third watch of the night he directly perceived the nature of existence, its entropic transcience and its motivation of desire, the process of becoming and the method of escape. He noted the Four Noble Truths, saying "This is suffering, this is the source of suffering, this is the cessation of suffering, and this the path that leads to the cessation of suffering." He then meditated on the twelve "preconditions" that explained the circular, enclosed nature of the suffering consciousness, seeing the wheel he was about to step out of. When dawn appeared, he was the Buddha, the enlighted one, a free man.

How cold it is on the mountain! Not just this year but always. Crowded peaks forever choked with snow, dark forests breathing endless mist: No grass sprouts till the early days of June. Before the first of autumn, leaves are falling. And here a wanderer, drowned in delusion, looks and looks but cannot see the sky. —Han Shan

Now it is, of course, almost absurd to speak to the reader of the Buddha's enlightenment as removed from his own. You know that the snow falls and birds fly. But you have also probably heard that Buddhism says that nothing "exists," and denies the existence of your "self." Now any doctrine that did that would also be absurd. Who could deny that you are you? It is quite obvious that you are holding a book in your hands and reading what someone else has written. The Buddha's enlightenment did not deny this fact, yet put it in an entirely new perspective. When he declared a few days after the enlightenment that there is no self, he meant that there is no permanent, essential ego-selfhood that is removed from a total integration with the entire universe, i.e. there is no isolated subject that can be differentiated from objects. The Buddha experienced the harmony of this integration, yet from his high level of meditation observed that all living beings could not, and were in a constant state of suffering because of it. Examining this sorrow, he saw that they believe in a cohesive self that sees itself apart from all objects and other selves. This ego-self is a rather mysterious phenomena. It seems to create not only the idea of itself but also of an essentially hostile outer world that supports this idea. Now the odd thing is that these egos are in a constant state of grasping and desire to *re*-integrate with this outer world. It cannot be denied that the self is constantly attempting (or reacting to its attempt) to attain more material objects and to come into close union with other individuals. But because of the very creation of itself and the nature of the world it has created, this task is wholly impossible. The Buddha was able to perceive no difference between the creator and the created, and because he has stopped creating his own illusory world, was able to *unobstructedly* see the blissful nature of reality. Yet those still involved in this deluded creation could experience only eventual sorrow due to their unmeetable expectations and disharmony between an "inner" and "outer" world. It is like a man who cannot see because he has placed his hands over his eyes, and has never even thought that sight may be possible. So busily involved in desiring and grasping, the self is unable to stop and realize that this desire itself is the source of sorrow. Enclosed in a circle of incomplete returns, they are fettered by a dream.

From the depths of his boundless compassion, the Buddha wanted to show the way out of these fetters for all living beings. This compassion is a very difficult feeling to understand. It is a non-discriminating love for all things, a feeling that goes beyond both love and pity. It is not an evangelism, but rather a sense of unforced extroversion that seems to spontaneously occur with the gradual withdrawl of selfish motives. Because of this compassion engendered by the no-self, the Buddha explicated twelve "preconditions" that link together to sustain the illusion of selfhood. It is these twelve processes that prevent the self from releasing "itself" from the deluded process of desire and thus a constant state of transmigration. Seeking to answer the question "Why is there old age and death?", the Buddha proceeded backward through the twelvefold chain:

(12) Old age and death depend on birth (if there was no birth there would be no death)
(11) Birth depends on becoming (if life A did not die and come to be life B, then there would be no life B)
(10) Becoming depends upon appropriation or attachment (if the life process did not appropriate and cling to phenomena, like fire appropriates a fuel, there would be no becoming)
( 9) Appropriating depends on desire (if one does not desire objects or achievement, there would be no appropriation)
( 8) Desire depends upon sensation (if pleasant and painful feeling were not experienced, then one would not be conditioned to seek the continued experience of pleasure or the cessation of pain)
( 7) Sensation depends on contact (there would be no sensation without contact with an object or feeling)
( 6) Contact depends on the six sense fields (the six pairs of sense and datum: eye-form, ear-sound, nose-smell, tongue-taste, body-touch, mind-dharma)
( 5) The six sense fields depend on name and form (i.e. the mind and body as a whole)
( 4) Name and form depend on consciousness (consciousness here means that spark of life that enters the womb and begins to define itself as an individual)
( 3) Consciousness depends on the predispositions (the predispositions being the paths of least resistance created by the karmic residue of deeds, words, and thoughts)
( 2) The predispositions that eventually produce rebirth depend on ignorance (ignore-ance) of the nature of existence, of the Four Noble Truths
( 1) Ignorance

The Buddha's prescription was that the dispersion of *avidya*, the idea of self-essence and the ignorance of the Buddha's insight, would prevent the exercise of karmic predispositions, the arisal of consciousncess, and so until aging and dying would cease.

Now it should be understood that these twelve "preconditions" are no chain of causation nor is ignorance *(avidya)* the prime metaphysical cause of existence or a cosmogonic principle. Many a Western scholar have confused themselves to no end by attempting to put them in logical sequence. They are merely the Buddha's attempt to verbalize and communicate his insight into the deluded process of our minds, an insight which had to be divided to be explained. The twelve "preconditions" have been rightly represented as a wheel, without beginning or end, and without linear temporal sequence. They concern the spontaneous concomittances between stages of consciousness rather than their material derivation from one another. Each link of the wheel represents the sum total of all the other links and is the precondition as well as the outcome of all others. The Sanskrit word for the process is *pratityasamutpada* which can be translated as "dependent co-origination," i.e. there is no first or last principle, no cause separated from effect. All aspects arise only in relation with each other. The enlightenment of the Buddha consisted in the realization of this unified process, a realization beyond intellectual understanding which can be achieved only with the destruction of the "self" concept that gives a discriminating essence to itself and objects. The twelvefold wheel was presented only so that the self can understand the process by which it defines and encloses itself, so that it can drop the obstruction and come into a direct awareness of reality. It is like a medicine that has no use after the patient has been cured.

Now watch yourself, that is watch your "self." That circle of energy that calls itself you has just been told the TRUTH. How is it reacting? Perhaps you are offended, perhaps you are bored, perhaps you are a Christian that is amazed that these heathen assertions have found their way into your yearbook, or perhaps you are fascinated. But watch yourself. Watch how your ego works to protect itself. With anger or boredom, uncrackable beliefs, or thrilled fascination, watch how it finds a thousand ways to proclaim itself comfortable and correct. Watch your ego subtlely rationalize its own integrity. Watch yourself expect explanations. HEY! Watch the wheel!

# NO JUDGEMENT

On the following pages you are going to see the Duke experience fitted into the weird drawing on the opposite page. We know that this doesn't look like the Cambridge Inn plaque, but think that you might find it interesting to look at Duke and yourself from a different perspective. After all, different perspectives are why we all came to college. Please bear with ours.

The Tibetans are an incredibly graphic people. High in the most rugged mountains of the world, they paint not only to entertain but to make more explicit the obscure. The drawing on the opposite page is a black and white picture of your mind. You may color it as you wish.

The three animals in the center of the wheel are a cock, a pig, and a snake representing the three basic motives of unenlightened existence. The red cock stands for passionate desire and attachment *(raga)*; the green snake is the embodiment of hatred, enmity, and aversion *(dvesa)* that work to poison our lives; and a black hog represents the darkness of ignorance and ego-delusion *(moha)*. Around and around, they bite each other's tail, endlessly inflicting and receiving pain. Oh, life!

The five inner divisions represent the five states of wordly existence. It is difficult to expect a college full of supra-rational empiricists to believe in realms of gods, titans, and angry ghosts, yet perhaps these can be taken on an allegorical plane that allows us to examine our own conditions. We do not here have the space to explicate the different activities that are displayed in the five realms (please see Lama Anagarika Govinda's *Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism* for a more complete explanation), yet it should be noticed that the Buddha appears in a different form in each so that he may communicate with the beings of each world according to their specific needs. Special attention should perhaps be paid to the upper realm of the gods. This is a very comfortable existence, but a very deceiving one. The beings there devote themselves to appreciation of dance, music, and sensual pleasures. On account of their onesided and successful dedication to their own pleasures, they forget the true nature of life, their own limitations, the suffering of others, and the transient state of their happiness. They live on the accumulated merit of past good deeds without adding any new value. Though they are gifted with beauty, longevity, and freedom from pain, it is just this lack of suffering, of obstacles and exertions, that deprive the harmony of their existence of all creative impulses, all spiritual activity, and the urge for deeper knowledge. Easily ignoring the path away from desire they inevitably strengthen their ego-delusion and are reborn in a lower state of existence. Take heed, America.

On the other edges of the wheel are the symbols of the twelve "preconditions." Lining up like a clock, numbers 1-2, 3-10, and 11-12 can be viewed as different explanations of the same process of self-delusion. 1-2 are from the level of the Buddha's spiritual insight; 3-10, a psychological analysis; and 11-12, a physiological one. First, *avidya*, or ignorance, is represented by a blind man who cannot see the true nature of existence and stumbles through life viewing only the darkness of his ego. *Samskara*, which can be translated as form-creating activity or predispositions, is symbolized by a picture of a potter. Just as a potter creates his pot, we form the vessel of our consciousness with the words, thoughts, and deeds of our present and former lives. This consciousness, or *vijnana*, stands at the beginning of a new life and is in the form of a monkey grasping a branch. Just as a monkey restlessly jumps from branch to branch, so the consciousness jumps from object to object, from thought to thought. Consciousness, however, will not remain whole and undifferentiated. It has a tendency to crystallize and polarize itself into mental functions and material forms. Therefore it is said that consciousness is the basis of the "mind-and-body-combination" *(nama-rupa)*, the precondition of the psycho-physical organism, in which the close relationship between bodily and mental functions is compared with two people in a boat. This differentiation continues to occur with the formation and action of the six senses *(sadayatana)* which are like the six windows in an empty house, through which we view the world outside.

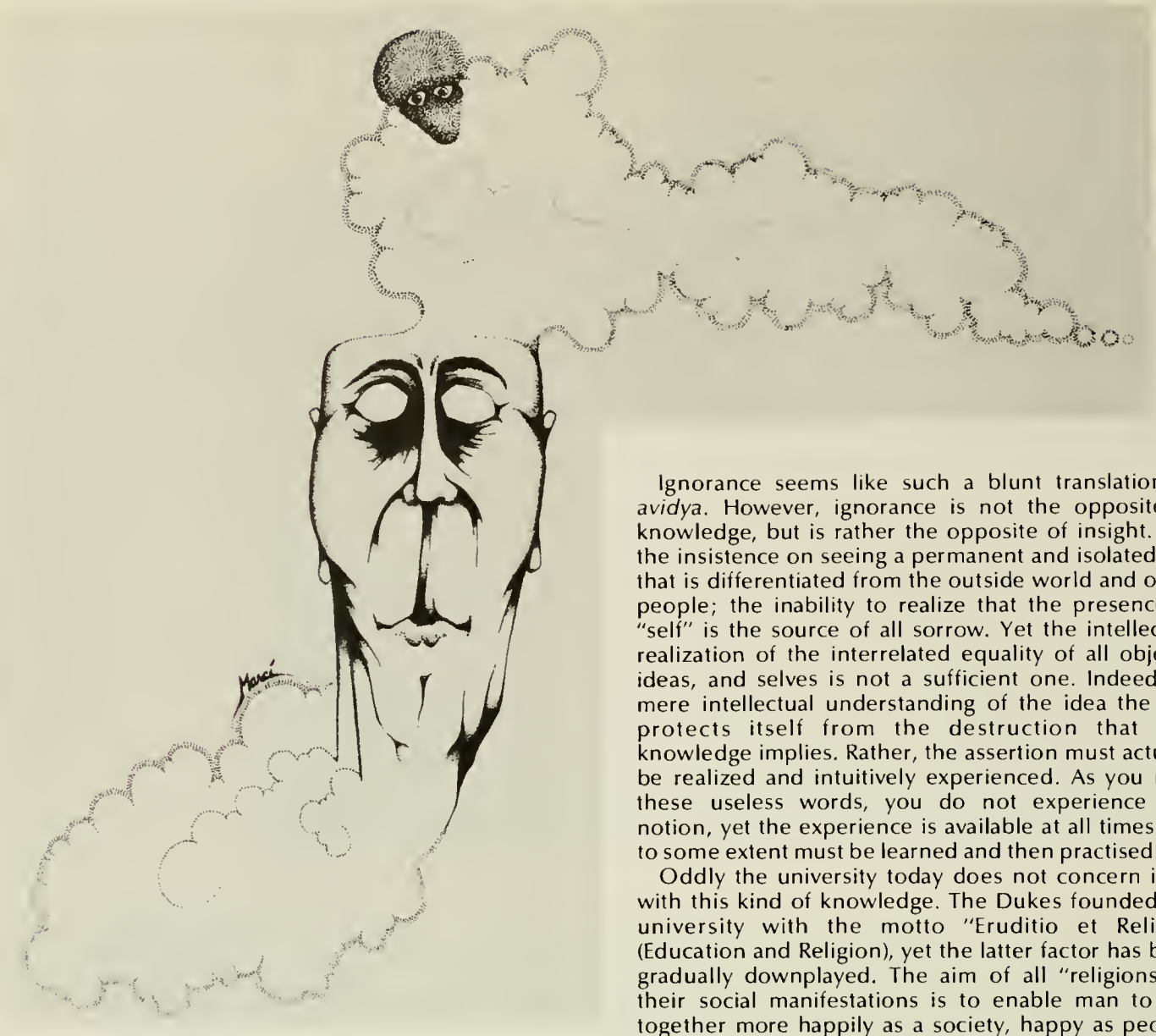
The sixth picture symbolizes the contact *(sparsa)* of the senses with their objects in the form of the first contact between lovers. The feelings of sensation *(vedana)* that results from this contact is represented in the seventh picture by a man with an arrow in his eye. This, of course, is not a pleasant image but is meant to represent the intensity of pleasure experienced in many forms of sensual contact and hints at the future painful consequences of the unending pursuit of these experiences. The eighth picture shows a woman offering water to a man and symbolizes the thirst for life that results from agreeable sensations. Of course the situation of male and female could be easily reversed. From the thirst for life arises the grasping of and attachment to *(upadana)* the desired objects. This is represented in the ninth picture by a man who picks fruit from a tree and gathers it in a basket. Attachment leads to a strengthening of the bonds of life and thus a new process of becoming *(bhava)* which is pictured with a women with child. Becoming leads to a rebirth in a new existence and this is adequately represented by a woman giving birth. And, of course, that which is born must inevitably reach old age and death, in this case illustrated by a man carrying a corpse swathed in cloths to the burial grounds. After death comes rebirth and the formation of a new consciousness, bound by almost same predispositions and *karma* and the constant state of desire. Thus the wheel. It must again be understood that although temporal sequence tends to further explication, this entire process occur simultaneously within each moment of consciousness. It is for this reason that ignorance so completely seems to envelop us.

Vociferously encircling the entire wheel is the visual representation of the passions of desire and aversion that dominate our everyday lives. This is *Mara*, the demon of demons that led the assault on the Buddha as he sat under the Bodhi tree. *Mara* is rather similar to the Christian "Satan," though there differences are quite like the differences between the two worldviews; that is *Mara* embodies the passions and desires while Satan is more closely likened with the primal sin of disobedience of a higher judge. *Mara*, of course, is no more (or no less) real than you or I. Yet he who has faced his own desires can understand its strong and fearsome depiction.

When one thinks of Duke, one usually isn't impressed by the passionate nature of existence here. Civilization, we think, has mellowed these forces and brought them under control. Yet, looking closely, it seems clear that far from extinct, passion has rather been hidden beneath a social construct that suppresses rather than curtails. A barely concealed violence often erupts and we act surprised, be it the House P raids of this year, the drunken gang-bangs and fist fights that not infrequently occur on West, or the suicide of an SAE president just a few years ago.

Now by recognizing these occurrences, we do not condemn them. You have understood nothing of what you have read so far in this book if you believe that. What follows is only an unjudging glance at the process by which these energies arise and fall. They are but the workings of your enlightened mind. Our experience is the only thing there is; there is no other realm or place that is removed from the wheel. Only the perspective is different and that perspective is unlocated. The passion for sex is no worse than the passion for enlightenment. The destruction of passion is no better than the destruction of a child. There is nothing to *destroy*, no *passions* to avoid!!! Can't you see? See the Buddha.

# IGNORANCE

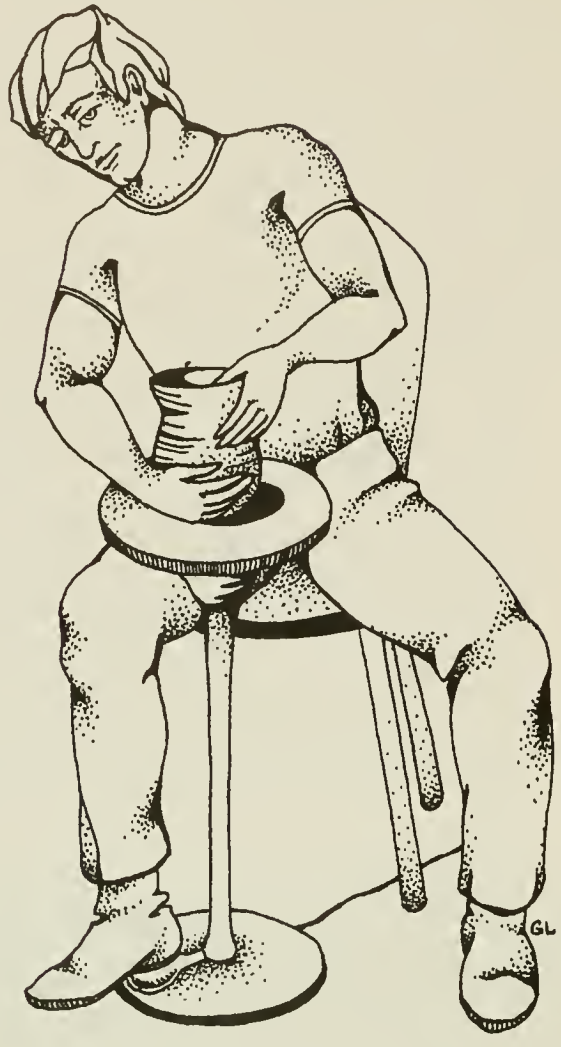


Ignorance seems like such a blunt translation of *avidya*. However, ignorance is not the opposite of knowledge, but is rather the opposite of insight. It is the insistence on seeing a permanent and isolated self that is differentiated from the outside world and other people; the inability to realize that the presence of "self" is the source of all sorrow. Yet the intellectual realization of the interrelated equality of all objects, ideas, and selves is not a sufficient one. Indeed, by mere intellectual understanding of the idea the ego protects itself from the destruction that that knowledge implies. Rather, the assertion must actually be realized and intuitively experienced. As you read these useless words, you do not experience this notion, yet the experience is available at all times and to some extent must be learned and then practised.

Oddly the university today does not concern itself with this kind of knowledge. The Dukes founded the university with the motto "Eruditio et Religio" (Education and Religion), yet the latter factor has been gradually downplayed. The aim of all "religions" in their social manifestations is to enable man to live together more happily as a society, happy as people, not just economic units. Yet Duke, with its continuing emphasis on profession-oriented specializations has produced an environment which by the admission of almost all students is competitively brutal and socially frigid. It is a difficult place to find time to learn about yourself and your relationship with others. The problem of self and others is ignored in most classrooms and left to flounder in an atmosphere dominated by those very classrooms teaching competition rather than cooperation. Yet we come here, sure of the reward of wisdom, sure that we gain in valid knowledge.

FREE!
KNOWLEDGE
Mondau through Friday

# PREDISPOSITION



The Christian logic of European civilization has never accepted the idea of transmigration, opting instead to put this life in a "do-or-die" position whose outcome is either eternal damnation or salvation. The Buddhists believe rather than this life is but one of many, and though the thoughts, words, and deeds of this life will affect one's rebirth, there is no judgement that is eternal. Indeed, though millions of years are involved in the process, and hells and heavens may both be experienced, all beings will eventually overcome selfhood and become Buddhas. Yet in an age such as ours, gone beyond even Christian-influenced logic to an atheistic stance believed to be empirical, it is difficult to accept the assertion that "we have all beenhere before."

Now, without even considering the possibilities of past and future lives, *karma* can be seen as a law of action and reaction in which we tend to move in the direction of least resistance. Every thought or deed which has gone before us leaves some kind of trace, as walking across a field either begins a new path or helps further define an old one. Now whether this field is of either flowers or thorn bushes, we will most often take the already existing path. So it is with the pathways of the mind. Due to "force of habit" and to conditioned ways of thinking, the ego definitely tends to follow patterns which have sustained it before. This is *karma*, essentially a loss of freedom.

*Samskara* can be understood as the activity that creates *karma*. It is a difficult word to translate, meaning something like "form-creating activity." It is connected with the concept of *karma* in the process of transmigration, yet concerns the volitional, creative aspect of this process rather than the deterministic learnings of *karma*. It is an act of free will, yet is always affected by the *karma* created by past activity. In a sense there are only two kinds of thoughts or activity, those which sustain the illusory chains of selfhood and those that attempt to move unselfishly and see through that illusion. Freedom is always possible, but when in a tunnel one must move toward the light.

Just as a potter throws a pot, the words, thoughts, and deeds of our past lives, tend to shape the vessel which will hold a new consciousness. Yet the potter is none other than ourselves. We are exactly where we have attempted to be. Even before consciousness becomes aware, long tunnels built by the self-delusion of the past begin to shape its birth. Yes, even before those gladiators come forth in front of the raging crowds in Wallace Wade, such tunnels have shaped their minds. But let's not even talk about tunnels.

GO BLUE DEVILS

# CONSCIOUSNESS

Consciousness *(vijnana)* begins at that instant, small spark, when self looks at self and divides itself from totality. It is after this first moment of discrimination that thought begins to ramble, constantly seeking to maintain its integrity. Thought after thought that never stops, like a monkey from branch to branch; thought after thought, always a filter between you and a direct perception of reality. Now there is only one way to begin to slice through this cloudy haze and that is meditation: for how may anything be seen if one does not stop to observe it. No one teaches meditation at Duke, though there has been recently a large increase in the possibilities (both Christian and non-Christian) offered by the fringe community.

Below is an excerpt from the *Zazen-Gi*, a very short Zen meditation manual. Zen is for most a very difficult way to meditate and is quite likely that other methods may be more fruitful for you. Zen meets reality without even method; no *mantras* or object of meditation, besides the breath, to soothe the mind. Try it, if nothing else but to observe what kind of strangle hold your thoughts really have on you. It will frustrate you because you will expect something from it. Zen must be approached without any idea of gaining. There is nothing to gain, only the mind to be watched without judgement. And when watched, amazingly enough, it will begin to grow calm. It is said that the practice itself is enlightenment, that one moment of Zen is one moment of being Buddha.

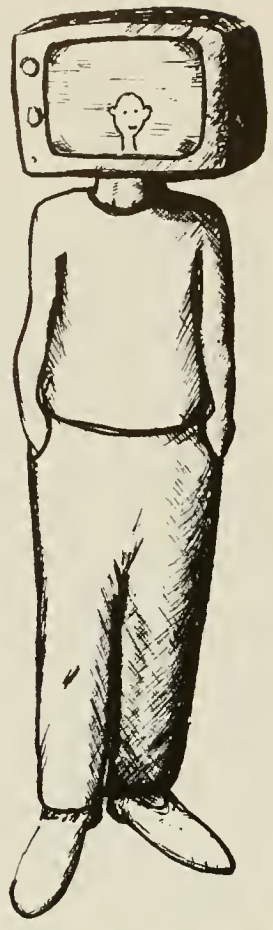
**When one wishes to begin zazen, he places a thick cushion in a quiet place, wears a robe and belt rather loosely, and puts all things about himself in good order. Then one sits with legs crossed in the lotus posture: First one places the right foot on the left thigh and then the left foot over the right thigh: or one may sit in a half-crossed position in which only the left foot rests upon the other thigh. Secondly, one places the right hand on the left foot, palm facing upward; then one places the left hand on the right palm so that the faces of the thumbs push against each other. Gradually one raises the body and repeatedly moves it backward and forward, to left and right, so that one may find a balanced sitting posture for the body.**

**The body should not lean to either side, nor forward or backward. The bones of the hips, back and skull rest atop one another like a pagoda. Also the body should not be so upright that someone else would feel uneasy seeing it. Keep ears and shoulders, nose and navel parallel to one another; the tongue should touch the upper jaw, both lips and teeth being closed; eyes should remain slightly open so that one avoids falling asleep. If one comes to *dhyana*—meditation its power is incomparable.**

**Once the physical posture has been well-ordered and the breath regulated, one must push forth the abdomen. One thinks not of good and evil; receiving into one's awareness each moment of illusion as it rises in the mind, then they disappear. Gradually forgetting the chain of becoming, one naturally becomes nonseparate. In my opinion, zazen meditation is the most humane way to truth.**

**If one were acquainted with its deep meaning, his body would be naturally relaxed, his spirit refreshed, his right thinking clarified, and the taste of truth would deepen his mind. He would become quiet, clean, and joyous. Or, if he has awakened, he will be as the dragon in water or the tiger crouching on his mountain. Or again, even if one has not yet reached this awareness, he has not wasted his energy—just as the man who blows on a fire with the help of the wind. In any case, one should follow his own judgement as to his level of awareness and never deceive himself.**

# NAME AND FORM

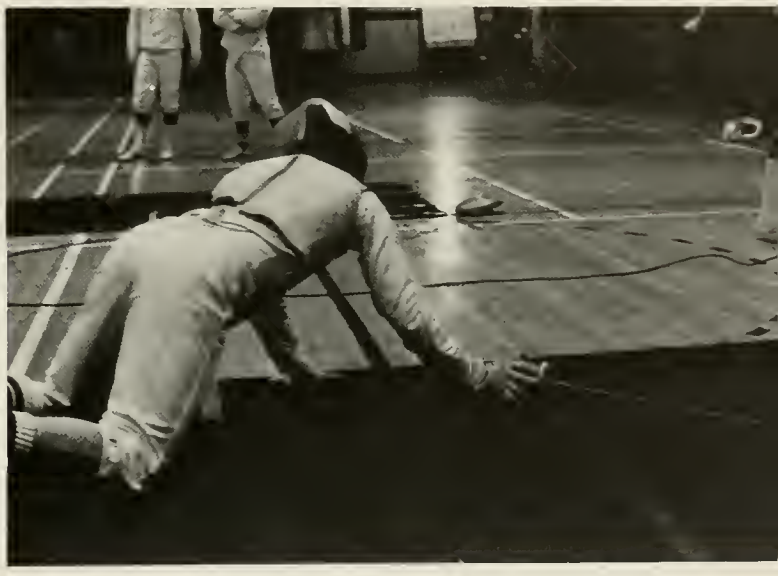


Consciousness cannot remain still and ungrasping. To facilitate this tendency, it begins to polarize and crystalize the foci of its energy, the first being a division between *nama* (name, mind) and *rupa* (form, matter). Essentially this is a division between mental activity and physical form, in its most basic manifestation the supposed separation of mind and body. This division seems quite real to most of us and was an illusion that fettered even the Buddha for awhile. Yet serious exploration of the body does not seem support this idea. Ever notice that when physical pain is ignored by the mind its itensity drops noticeably? Or that when you really concentrate the breath becomes very soft and slow? When the breath is stilled, the body may relax into almost any position without pain. Indeed, medical research is revealing increased evidence of the basically psychological nature of "disease and pain" in many cases. Also, athletes, yogics, dancers, etc. have discovered that to maintain a definite division between mind and body is a useless diffusion of energy. When the unnecessary division is overcome, untold amounts of vital energy become available. Yet the division has clearly shaped man's perception of the world and has always puzzled him. Indeed, the primal act of printing one's hand on a wall, seems much more a question than a statement, a question of psycho-physical-identity and the alienation from others that that question implies.

# THE SIX SENSE FIELDS

The six senses are a further manifestation of the discriminating crystalization of consciousness, inventions of the ego to solidify its still desperate existence. The senses and their objects are: eye-form, ear-sound, smelling-smell, tongue-taste, body-touch, and mind-*dharma*. *Dharma* here means the thoughts, concepts, and word correlations that are dealt with by the mind. Now in the perception of any object, say an object of sight, there is also the interceding factor of the sight-organ and an act of sight-consciousness that discriminates and defines. It is odd that we believe our perception of an object to be that object itself and do not consider the two intermediary factors that seem obviously to radically affect our perception of the world. The Phenomenologist philosophers of western Europe came to see the all-important influence of the mind in creating the quality of objects but they took this as an endpoint while the Buddha accepted it as a beginning. The average person sees his happiness in terms of his ability to manipulate objects. The Buddha instead saw the development of happiness in terms of the transformation, not of objects, but of the subjective factors that discriminate those objects. A sole concern with the reformation of the outside world is a frustrating and hopeless cause that strengthens the fetter of the "inner-outer" dichotomy. Instead, attention to the inner factors of perception and the *relation* between the senses and their objects reveals that when the individual changes, the world may be transformed. The idea of objectivity is bankrupt. When one can totally *give* love, he begins to receive it from everyone. Now, just where are these battles that must be won?

The gentlemen on the opposite page are fencers with the dharma. We thought they were much more interesting than pictures of eyes, noses, brains, etc. (yet come by our office's if you want to see some really revealing ear pictures.) Can you match the six senses with our objects?



# CONTACT

Contact is that interface where the six sense organs and their objects meet. Its most pleasurable, comprehensive, and addictive form is when two people come into personal contact. The Tibetans symbolize this stage of the wheel most graphically with their image of the first sexual contact of young lovers. What can one say about the attraction of this first reciprocal exploration? We can see it for what it is but it is almost impossible to condemn it. Two poets showed up at our office today and we asked them to write something about that first contact. Here's what we got.

You'll never believe me so I'll say it.
He's asked me to speak on how loving is,
the first time, when the something happens.
Nor would he believe, that I can't say.

We'll make words into a single horse's hooves,
a message from the other side of sky.
Just now I raised my head and found the sight
of a couple kissing, only mouths in touch.
As if coincidentally, I'd decided
beforehand to call that first contact,
a gesture helplessly raising possibility,
like new wind a change in weather.

Every morning in two months since she traveled
I awake ablaze like sun with hope
for a change in the feel of the air,
the never-too-solid flesh, adjacent,
precursor to discovery.

This finding will be her beginning,
as Moonchild pulls my crazy tides
eighthundred miles of crowded coastline
up into her breezy hills and coves.
Then she'd be the one to speak.

Maybe this is how we'd see it:

the touch of eye then orifice,
rhythmic as the airs of continents
bringing spring after spring,
the eternal sequence of flower and fruit:

the rising heat of knowledge of
a sudden doubtless destination,
ecosystem of two set into motion:

we wait all our lives until then for a change in the feel of the air.

EH □

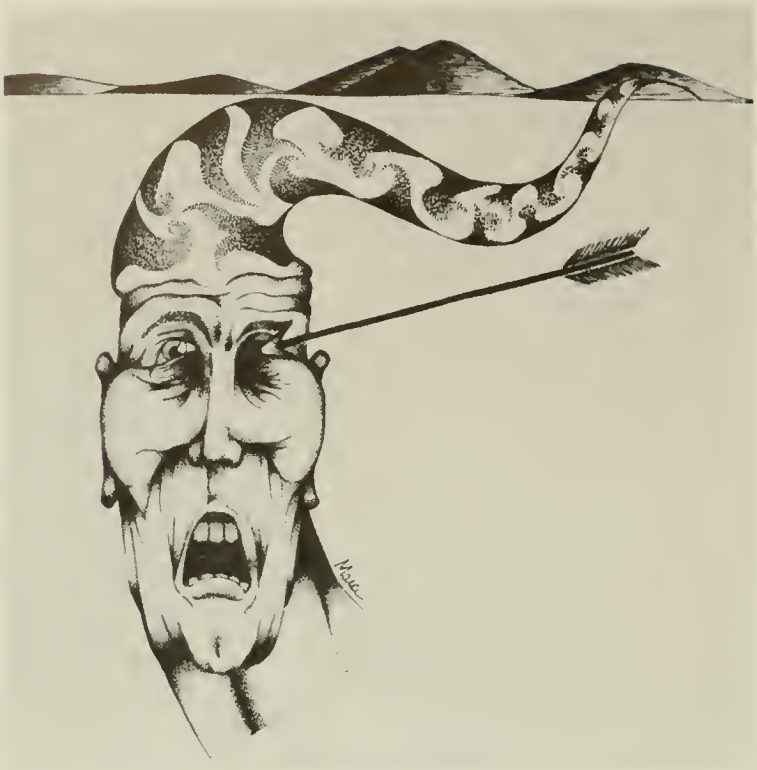
The Sleeper:
Man-singer, clean dry mutation of
a genius fucking its own animal image.
After seven years: dream of a body of
new cells. Smoky cavernous heart to
keep, dreamer's toy.

MEMORY OF THE LAST HALLUCINATION BEFORE I DIED

The Kiss: when I stopped the
mouth of singing for one long raging
of the myth. I awoke and was strong.
My right arm was flushed and bleeding
out the ends of my fingers, letters
hot before poems. The red-legged
dancer, at the end of the ninth left-
ward circling of the pineal eye, led
me from the back of my head, wearing
wings, and brought glad angels to graze at my temples.
A numb red bruise of the sky bled
muscular clowns, huge mothers of
meteoric metals, and I flew buzzing
into the mouth below the biggest nose
One and only, bright and fertile,
dark and sterile Mother with the
lusty leer of the sphinx droning
speechless her dear savage riddle
bolting to my heart where death alone
fixed a dark zone of safety.
Down past a thousand lips of her, the
increments by which I fled towards
the end of all numbers. After one
night, after one maze of the sun's year
scanned in Moon's orbiting of Earth —
SPHINX ORGASM, without sound the kiss
that would not with its own lips speak.
THE LETHAL ACCUMULATION OF HER FACE:
MOON, Egg-Demon, germ of the lunar life
orgone cold blue spanking at the base of
of my heart.

RB □

Love is a bed for the blues.



I sunk my incisors into the back of her neck.

"Oooooh," she said. High-pitched and giggly. "I like it when you bite."

"Maybe you ought to get a hamster," I told her, rolling over to turn the record. My motion on the waterbed caused her breasts to ripple like twin parachutes in the breeze.

I rolled over and over, back and forth between her and the turntable.

"Let's smoke another joint," she said. I lit a reefer of Acupulco Gold, consciously ignoring my friend's warning not to smoke in his waterbed.

I reached up and opened the exhaust vent on the air conditioner. A smoke ring hovered above for a second, then disintegrated on its way out of the room.

When she started licking my little toe I thought of a scene from my favorite Elliot Gould movie, the one where Candice Bergen is naked, but you can't see her tits. That scene drove me crazy.

She worked her way up my leg. Roswell Rudd played his way through Monk. Sometimes his trombone sounds like fenders colliding, other times like a tongue in your ear.

"Damn," she said, "this joint's gone out." I gave her a light. She moved up to lie with her head on my chest, peering into my eyes.

"Whatcha thinkin?" she asked, imitating Ali McGraw.

"About you, baby," I lied, playing with a curl above her ear.

"What are you *really* thinking about?"

"Better you don't ask." I kissed her for a long time, forgot about Roswell Rudd. I began to think instead of The Red Clay Rambler's tune, "You Were Only Fucking, While I was Making Love." I laughed.

Faux pas. She looked up; her pupils were hailstones.

"What the shit's your problem?" When angry she always threw a little profanity into her speech. Always so incorrectly that it had an effect just the opposite of her intention.

If I hadn't been so bored I probably would have provoked her some more, but, knowing all her moves, fighting would have been boring as well. So I smiled.

"Let's fuck."

ΔΔΔ

The following is a transcription of a taped conversation which took place between our Chanticleer Staff Journalist and several participants in the Cambridge Inn's "Attitude Adjustment Hour."

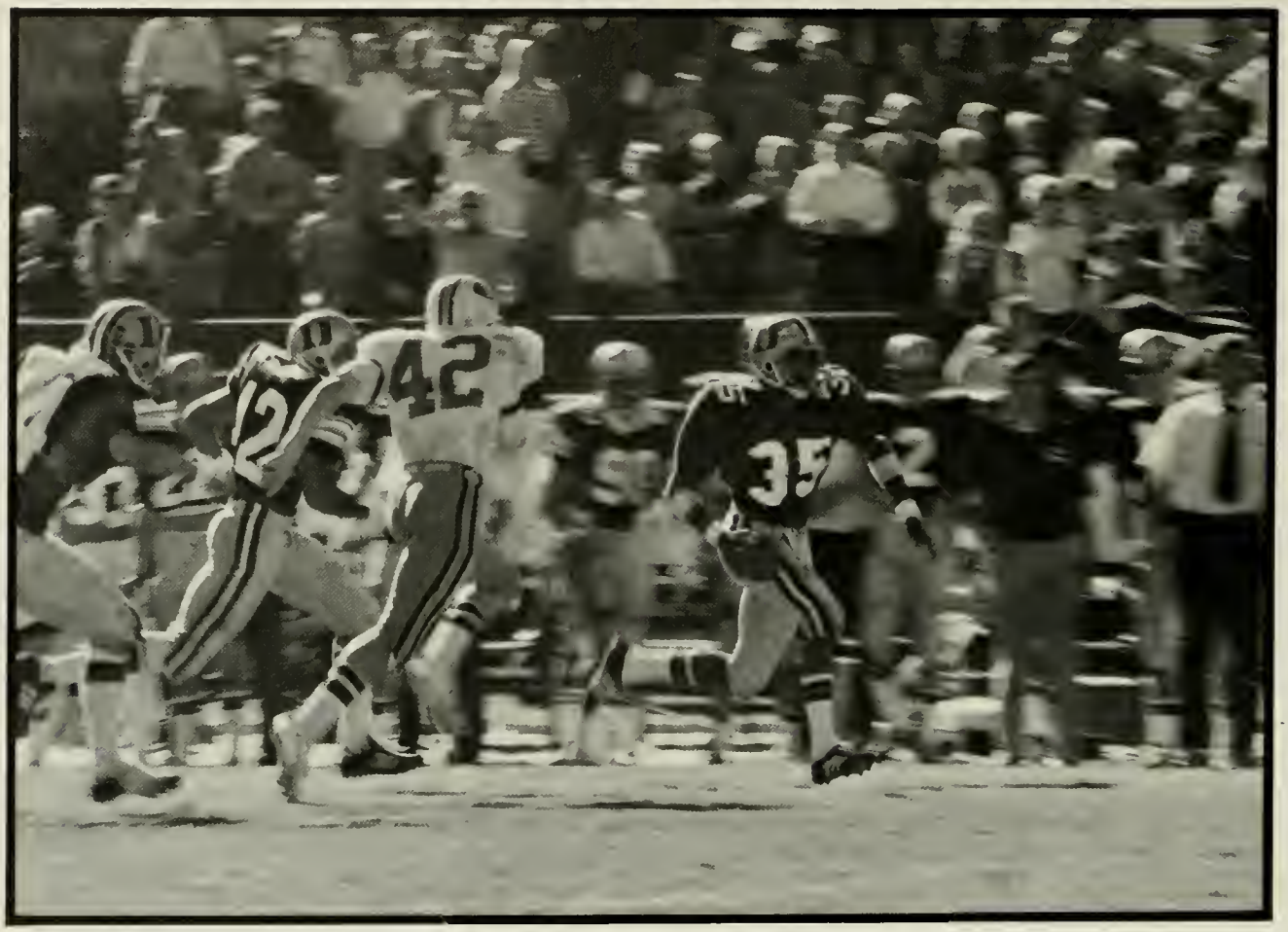
**Chanticleer:** Would you fellows mind if I sat here?
First Drinker: Is that tape maching running?
**Chanticleer:** Uh, yeah. I'd like to interview you for the Yearbook.
First Drinker: Hear that? This guy is from the **Chronicle**.
**Chanticleer:** No —
Second Drinker: Sit down, man. Get this guy a couple of beers.
**Chanticleer:** One will be fine.
Third Drinker: One beer? Listen, at Happy Hour you drink two at a time. Less is considered an insult.
First Drinker: Let's have a toast. To the Czar!
Third Drinker: Later for the Czar. How about one for the Yearbook?
All: to the **Chronicle!**
**Chanticleer:** That's the **Chanticleer.**
First Drinker: Well either way you gave it a slack effort on the toasting anyway.
**Chanticleer:** Hunh?
Second Drinker: You're supposed to chug it; to show a little respect.
All: To the Czar!
**Chanticleer:** How did the idea for Happy Hour originate?
Fourth Drinker: In the mind of Man, man. A thing of beauty.
First Drinker: Cut the cosmic crap. It's just to cool off, that's all. Keep the peasants well-lubricated every Friday afternoon and soon enough they forget the administrative atrocities that go on every day —
Second Drinker: Yeah — the old testicular deepfreeze.
Third Drinker: Actually, we are all unwitting participants in an experiment that the Psych Department is conducting.
**Chanticleer:** How's that?
Third Drinker: (waxing serious) The economics department is in on it too. The good professors hope to find the missing link to our previous collective uncounscious by testing the effects of two-bit beer on otherwise civilized human beings.
**Chanticleer:** Fascinating.
Fifth Drinker: I come in here to deal drugs.
First Drinker: Hey man, cool it. Ignore that, Mr. Journalist. Please.
Fourth Drinker: Bad vibes, man. The real truth of it is this: Happy Hour is a psychic centrifuge —
Second Drinker: — a mental douche —
Fourth Drinker: a device for the overcoming of mental gravity.
**Chanticleer:** What?
Fourth Drinker: Everything gets to whirling around so fast in here, everybody's head vibes are so wide open, that sooner or later you can't tell which way is up.
Second Drinker: And if you're on your head gravity pulls up, not down.
Third Drinker: Escape velocity!
First Drinker: Anybody got a pipe?
**Chanticleer:** Sure, here.
First Drinker: Hey, this won't work. There's no screen. Besides, this hash is too good to mix with Cherry Blend.
Second Drinker: That's okay, I'll roll a joint.
**Chanticleer:** (whispering) You guys are going to smoke in **here**? In the CI?
First Drinker: Why not? Can't get a proper buzz going without a little hemp. Want a hit?
Fourth Drinker: It's cool, dude. They don't bust the sons and daughters of the country club set. Not on campus, anyway.

Fifth Drinker: Yeah, sure.
Fourth Drinker: You were just dumb. Fuck, those freshmen got away with assault and battery earlier in the year. You think anybody would bust us for a gram of hash?
First Drinker: Another case of Blind American Justice.
Fourth Drinker: Besides ... there ain't no law against being high.
**Chanticleer:** To the **Chronicle**!
All: To the **Chronicle**!

# DESIRE

Desire, grasping, reaching, wanting. They are the fuel that makes the fire burn, the heat that makes your juices flow. They construct the day. They make the night. They make you love and make you hate. They make everything this and everything that. Blinders. Tight pants. All the time.

I want to get up in time, I want to get up now, I want to use the shower as soon as I want to use it, I want to stay in bed longer, I want to make the bus, I want to sit with my friends on the bus, I want to meet someone new today, I want to eat breakfast soon, I don't want to read the assignment, I want the professor to think I've read the assignment, I want to start my paper early this semester, I want to get high tonight, I want to get high right now, I don't want to go to the library, I want to read magazines, I want to see a friend, I want a cup of coffee, I want to pray, I want to get some exercise today, I want to write a letter, I don't want to study, I want to go shopping, I want to go see a friend, I want a milkshake from the dope shop, I want to eat a healthy lunch, I want a Chronicle, I want some news, I want to see my friends in the CI, I don't want to spend too much money, I want to get a car, I want to go to the mountains this weekend, I want to party on Friday night, I want to do something fun this afternoon, I want to study, I want to do something creative, I want to do something no one else has done, I want people to like me, I want *that* one to love me, I want to go to the bookstore, I've got to go study, I want to be comfortable, I want to take a nap, I want to wake up and work, I want to talk to my friend over there, I want that friend to think I'm busy, I want to talk to my friend for an hour, I want to go run, I want to get hot, I want to take a shower, I want some soap, I want to go to the movie, I want to get loved by a lover, I want to get well laid by a stranger, I want *that* body, I want to be stronger, I want to look nicer, I want to look closer, I want to get high, I want to go read a good book, I want to go to my mailbox, I want to get a package, I want to buy something, I want to catch the bus, I don't want to stand in the rain, I want to sit by myself, I want to talk to my friend, I want to talk to the trees, I want to lay in the grass, I want to get some work done, I want to talk to my roommate, I want to go out for supper, I want to drink a beer, I want to watch the news, I want to eat till I'm full, I want to be entertained, I want to leave it all, I want some tea, I want a sharp pencil, I want a quiet place to study, I want to understand this chapter, I want to go see a friend, I want to go to sleep early tonight, I want to finish soon, I want to have a good time this summer, I want to go someplace different, I want to talk to my parents, I want to go see that someone, I want to talk with a group of people, I want to get high, I want to lay with that someone you, I want you to hold me like you did before, I want to get warm, I want to get hot, I want to love you like you want to be loved, I want to make you come so high, I want to come at the same time, I want to burst our clouds together.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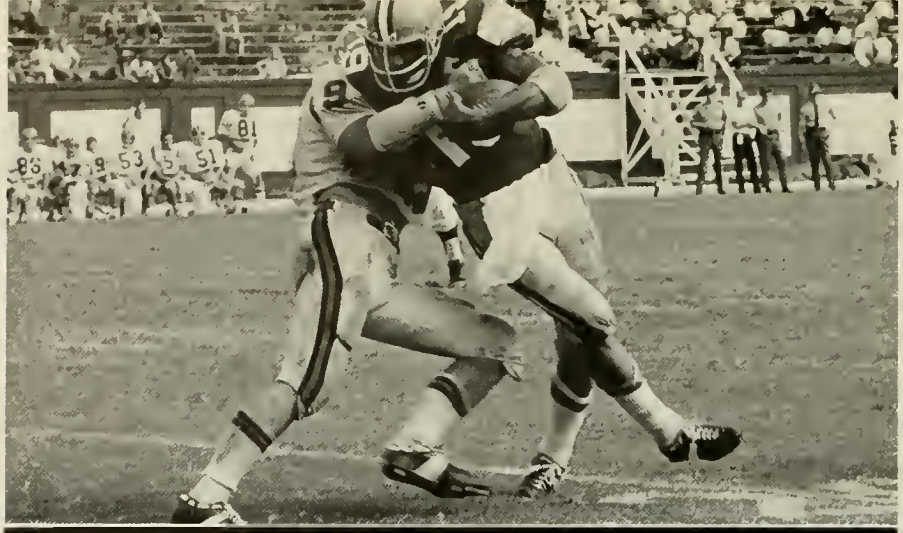
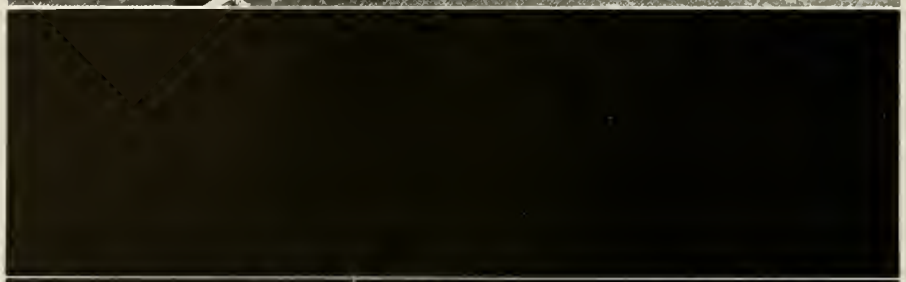
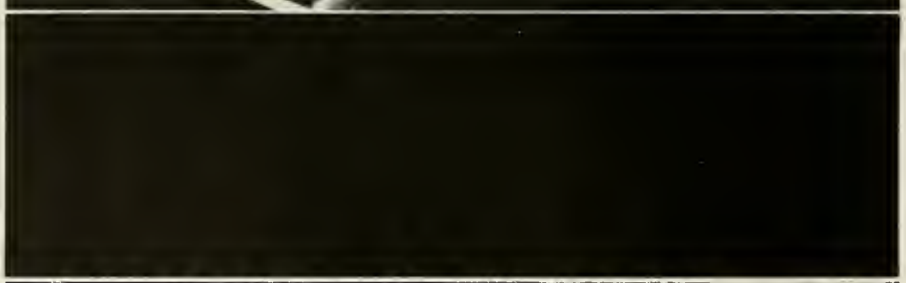
GUEST
GUILFORD







DUKE
DUKE
DUKE
DUKE

# ATTACHMENT

When things desired are achieved, however partially, the ego attempts to latch on to these things and keep them for itself. Now, both the Buddha and modern physics have been able to make at least one statement of assuredness about the state of the universe and that is its tendency toward entropy. All things are in a state of decay and move toward decomposition. All is transient. But the self cannot accept this. It puts it in a very insecure position in that it must constantly adjust to protect itself. Instead, it devises to maintain secure constructs that deny change. It is not just a matter of the possession of objects, but also becomes manifest most clearly in the attempt to stabilize and keep unchanging our relationships with people. For instance, we fall in love. We let someone in, slowly, very carefully, so as not to expose ourselves too vulnerably. It is helpful when the problems of sexuality are overcome because this seems to be a very large concern of the ego. The person gets close, very close. The ego is exposed almost completely in all its deluded subtleties. The other person sees you for what you are and still loves you. Bliss. A favorable consensus of opinion is reached. But when that other person begins to grow away or become more interested in someone else, the ego is shattered. In the face of change, it strives to maintain the same relationship as before, very seldom able to adjust to the new situation until a large amount of pain is experienced. It is this inability to remain open and non-attached to now inappropriate ways of relating that is the source of so much romantic anguish. It also the primary cause of the destruction of such relationships.

Now we also manifest this tendency on a societal level. We establish universities to protect the knowledge of the past, to preserve the bonds that now make cohesive our present state. We turn out lawyers, doctors, and academicians that are programmed to work only within the system, not to improve it. We mistrust change and tend to regard all criticism as an attempt to destroy rather than improve. As a nation conceived in revolution we fight against the revolutions attempted in all other countries. With every right, the people beg for their share and America strives to maintain her fat existence. We will fall because we hate tomorrow.

See this wheel, isn't it beautiful! But how much more beautiful if we could love without posessiveness, grow without obstructive memory, enjoy without that crippling desire to do it again. Damn, but ain't life a gas?!!

**Attachment is the stuff yearbooks are made from. Worthless.**

BOC

DUKE
CLUB
ΣΑΕ

ΔΔΔ

GIVE MONE
TO SUPPORT
R.M.L
parkling
verages
THE BEER

# BECOMING

Becoming.....well, yes! Becoming. Well, quite frankly I'm not all together sure about this "becoming" thing. I pace the room; the last explication *must* be written the editor tells me. The night is hot, my loins hungry, and this man wants me to talk about the dharma, about a concept he himself can not grasp. Becoming. Perhaps as you read this print, you could say that this yearbook has become. Indeed, it's the desire to make this yearbook become that has led us into this frustrating, laughtergasmic morass. But how can two not seek the not-two?

I'm not sure that the Tibetans even know what becoming really means. Sometimes they represent it with a couple in sexual intercourse and sometimes it's a woman pregnant with child. There's a conflict there in that the former is the dynamic means while the latter is the more passive result. Of course, when you throw time into a circle that distinction becomes meaningless. Yes! Let's do that. Let's throw time into a circle. All the chapters that divide the wheel now come diving into "becoming". Becoming seems to be a lust for life itself. Having experienced the joys of sensation, the partial fulfillment of desire, and after having attached to a few successful constructs, one wishes to "become" something or someone that will mirror and magnify those achievements. It's like drinking one beer with a group of friends and since you're all having such a good time *of course* drinking a few more. It's like having sex for the first time with someone. If everything went well, there's no doubt that you'll do it again, wanting to do it better. You always want to do it better, actually, no matter how good it was. Of course, I've heard tell that babies can follow sex (see next chapter). Since this is an unstructured kind of explanation, let me say that bringing a kid into this world is a very heavy thing. Most of you who read this will get married, housed, trapped, etc. and will want to have a kid. A baby should be an expression of a thing already together between two people and should not be some kind of tool fashioned to bring unity. I mean, babies *know;* and they do not dig hate. Buddha didn't say this, this is just sound moral advice.

Becoming....well, yes! Becoming is going to a university, spending all this money, jiving with all these fine people, partying and learning, studying and working, all so that we can graduate and become something, be it successful scholar, businessman, clergyman, doctor, lawyer, or whatever. There are even those who just want to become "really together" people. Whatever, it's basically a desire for achievement. Becoming also shows itself in the person who, having felt that he has experienced much of life, wishes to create something that manifests that experience in a larger way. He writes a poem or a story, paints a picture or spits out some photograph, all in an effort to "further define himself" or to participate in some "authentic self-discovery". He or she just wants to become, wants to see and feel some manifestation of what they "really" are.

Now, we do not condemn these things. We do not want to condemn anything. This is very difficult. We can not even condemn the couple that will bring a baby among us and not give it love. These people are Buddhas and, after all, we made them what they are today. It's just that this "becoming" thing is the epitome of all our successful desires and attachments. That's why it's so very difficult to avoid this final trap. It's the summation of an incredible amount of energy, the energy of desire and attachment that in the end is desperately trying to identify itself. Why are we so foolish to believe that a good job, or even a good love, or even good means of artistic expression will give us an identifiable, concrete position in the world — will allow us to actually *be*? Why do we think that there's someone to be identified, something real and separate to be seen? How can we wish to *become* a Buddha? There's a circle here, you know. Large tendency, huge energy, awesome. It can be cracked like a twig.

The graphic on the opposite page was done by a seven-year old kid at Duke's summer daycamp.

BE SC

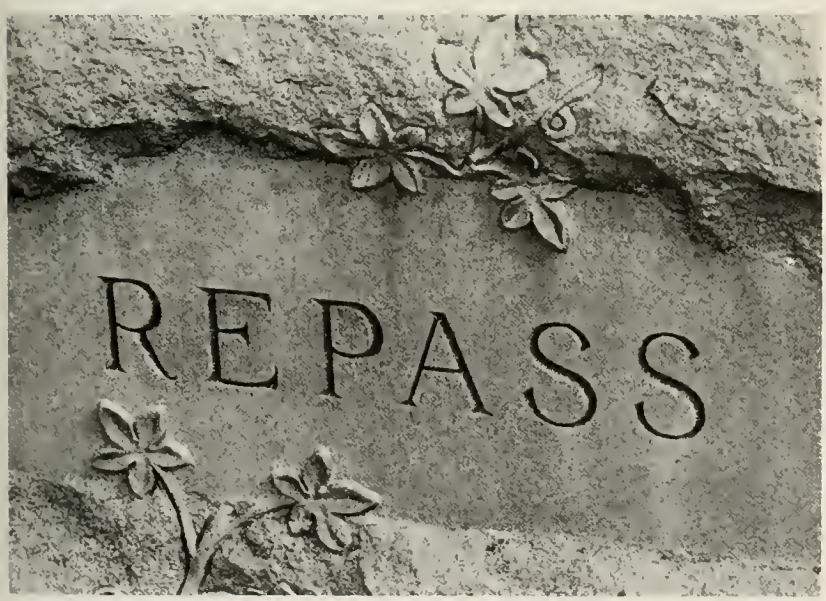
ONE SPECIAL

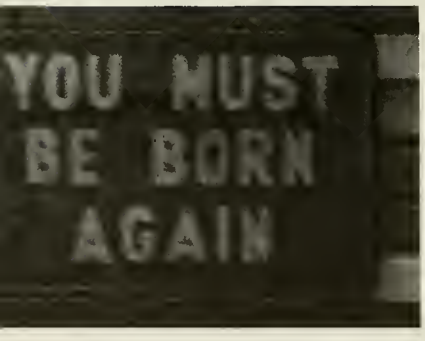
Birth. Now begins the physiological description of the wheel. Birth, old age and death. Pretty clear-cut. But also rebirth and repeated death. We will be born again. Laughter. We will be born again. Right here, no place else. Mrs. Buschman, where is my new womb?

# WOMEN

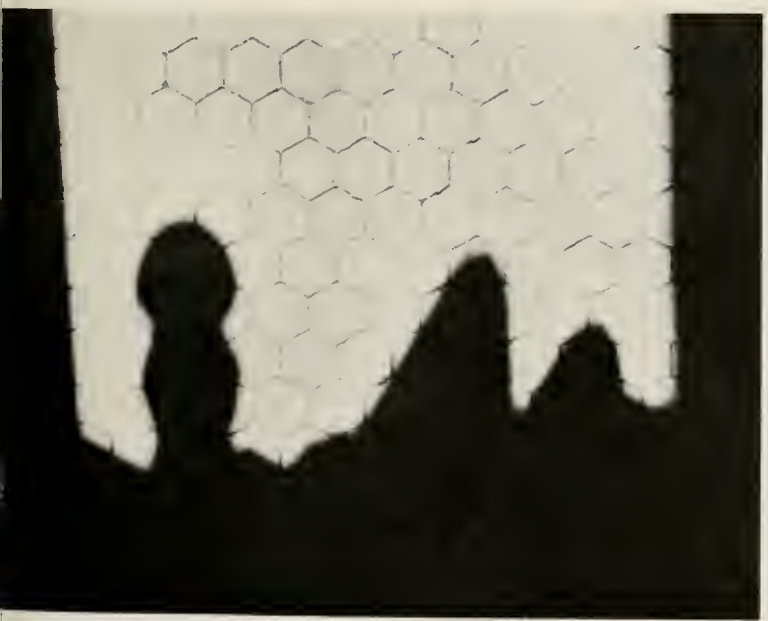
# BIRTHING

# UNDER LADDERS IN THE DARK


REPASS


YOU MUST
BE BORN
AGAIN

HEAVEN



# OLD AGE AND DEATH

Old and death. Old Age and Death. Old age and death. The mere inevitability of both deny comment. But the Buddha did not die, you know, he entered the door of non-duality that led pass both life and death. The editors of this rag were downstairs quaffing a brew today and we got to talking to an aging Buddha that we knew. We told him all about old age and death and he just laughed at us. Then he wrote a poem.

**Violence**

Yes, oh
yes, where was I, again?
Where? Yes,
I saw the bright shapes
of the oaks, the pines,
hung against the sky,
over there, along the flaming edge
of that long hill.

Where? Yes,
a pair of deer came there, feeding.
The buck had his head up,
the doe laid her curving throat
down to the grass.
Yes, oh yes,
Where am I?

The light lay beyond the old
man, the finger painting,
his body bent above the light
that cut the barren hill,
are half the sun already
fallen into dark
and rows of houses,
glittering. I was
kneeling then, he said
the gun to my shoulder,
like you.

AF □

W. T. Laprade died May 14, 1975

DRIN

He spake also this parable: A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it: and if it bear fruit, *well:* and if it not, *then* after that thou shalt cut it down.

Luke 13:6-9

## THE COCK, THE SNAKE AND THE PIG

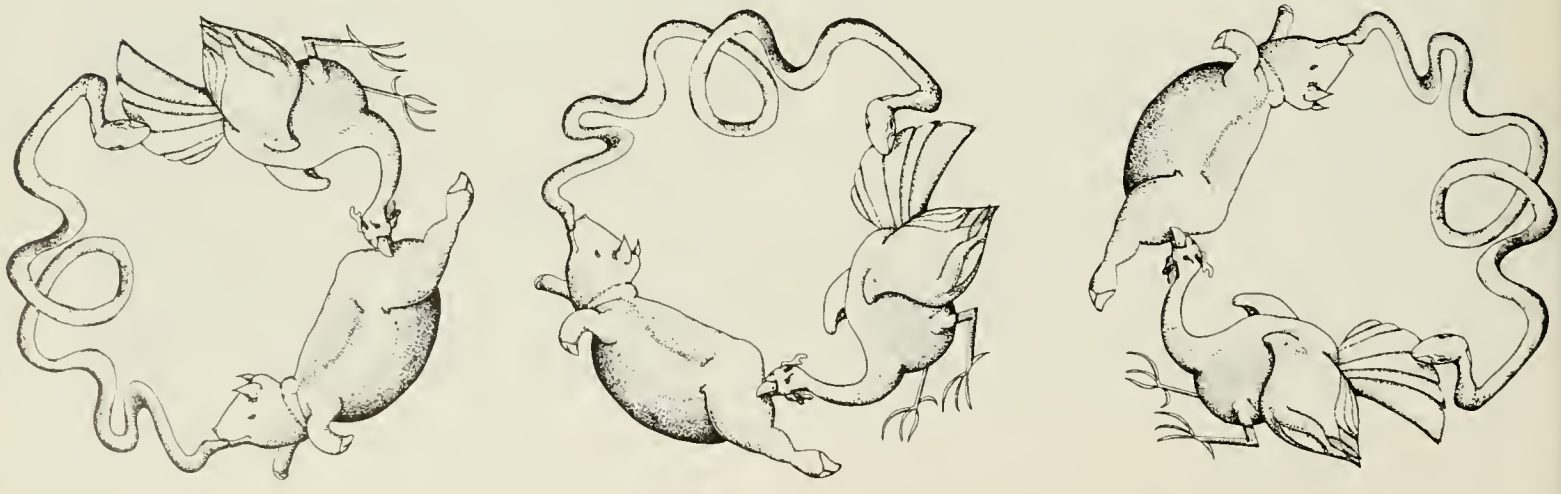
It was night. The quite ordinary evening which promised sober and unremarkable pleasure had exploded, suddenly tearing itself apart as a ship grounded unaccountably in familiar waters. That I had done wrong was certain: but what, and how? All I could remember was the onset of a vague dis-ease, a half-terror at a creeping chaos. People, coming and going; stupid, alien and unimportant: who, anyhow, could comprehend stupidity; why should one try? Ignorance is culpable and must be punished, or directed by a superior intelligence so that it produce good. And who would direct it, except I? Did not I realise that I alone out of this poor babbling mass knew the times and the seasons and how to manipulate them? Yes, of course! but they would not accept me...that would be part of their dreadful animality. So I must withdraw, and wait my time, when the disorder would become so manifest that at my reappearance they would hail me as Saviour.

The cold poisonous winds of hate shrill mercilessly in the trees, heralding the blue white ice storm seeping slow out of the primaeval blackness deep, deep into my soul, invigorating and deathly. With such a brittle, imperishable self I am and shall be immortal and thrill to the wickedness of all-might; killing, killing, killing and again killing for the sheer intoxicating joy of the blood-lust. Bless and curse me, Mephistopheles: I will follow, and reign with thee!

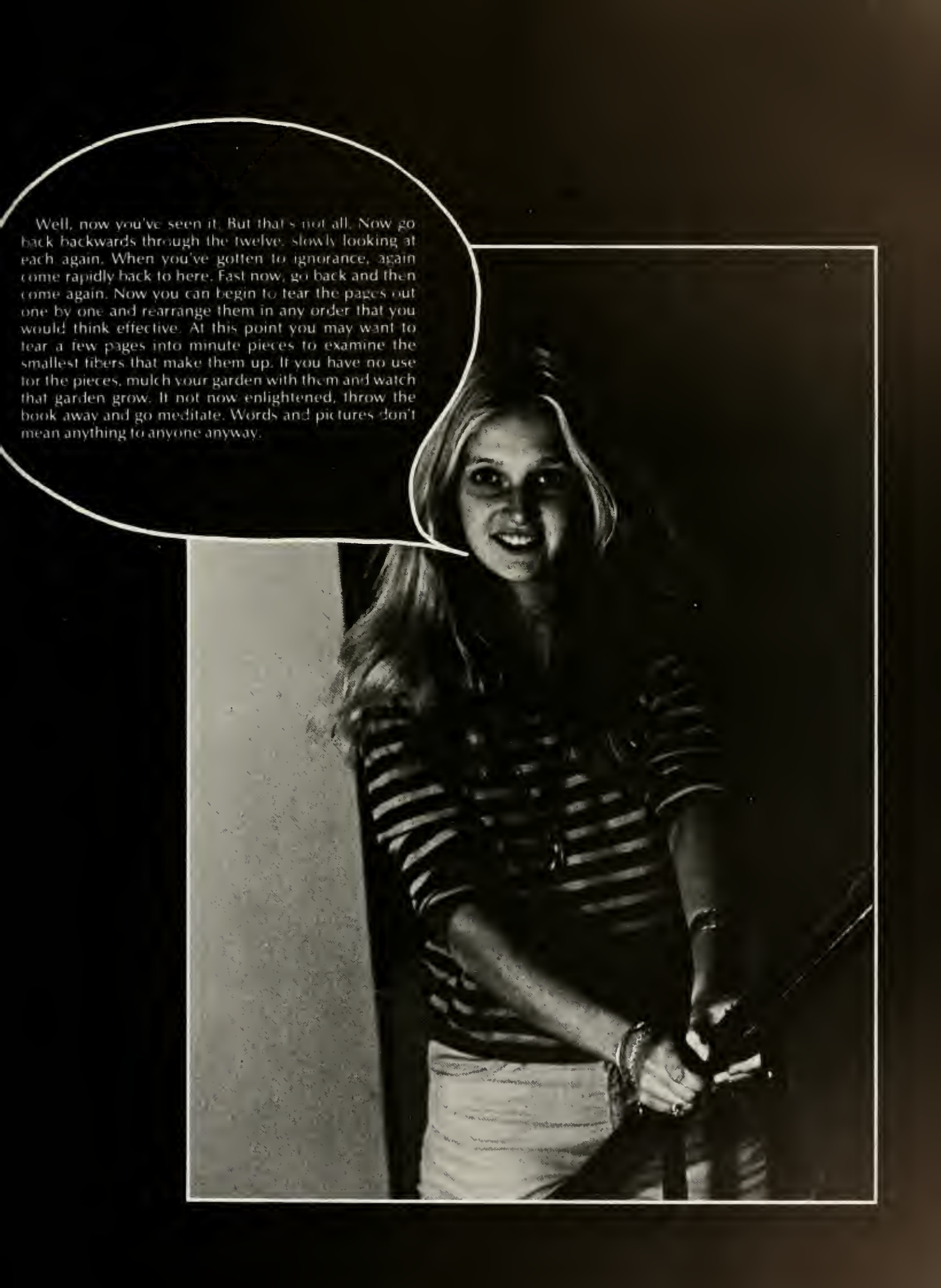
Dawn breaking yellow and reluctant over the sleeping obscene city reflects a pale warmth of the love which invites the sun. Christ, Christ without form or comeliness, spat upon by my sin; forgive me not only in the confessional, reprove me not solely from the pulpit and do not refresh me at the altar alone. Meet me in the way as despised, as ignorant, stupid and repulsive, and forgive me only if I bless you. My glorious Lord of life, my sweetness, health and consolation, my music and eternal laughter! Reprove me in death, bitterness, sickness and despair: in discord and mournful sorrowing transfigure me.

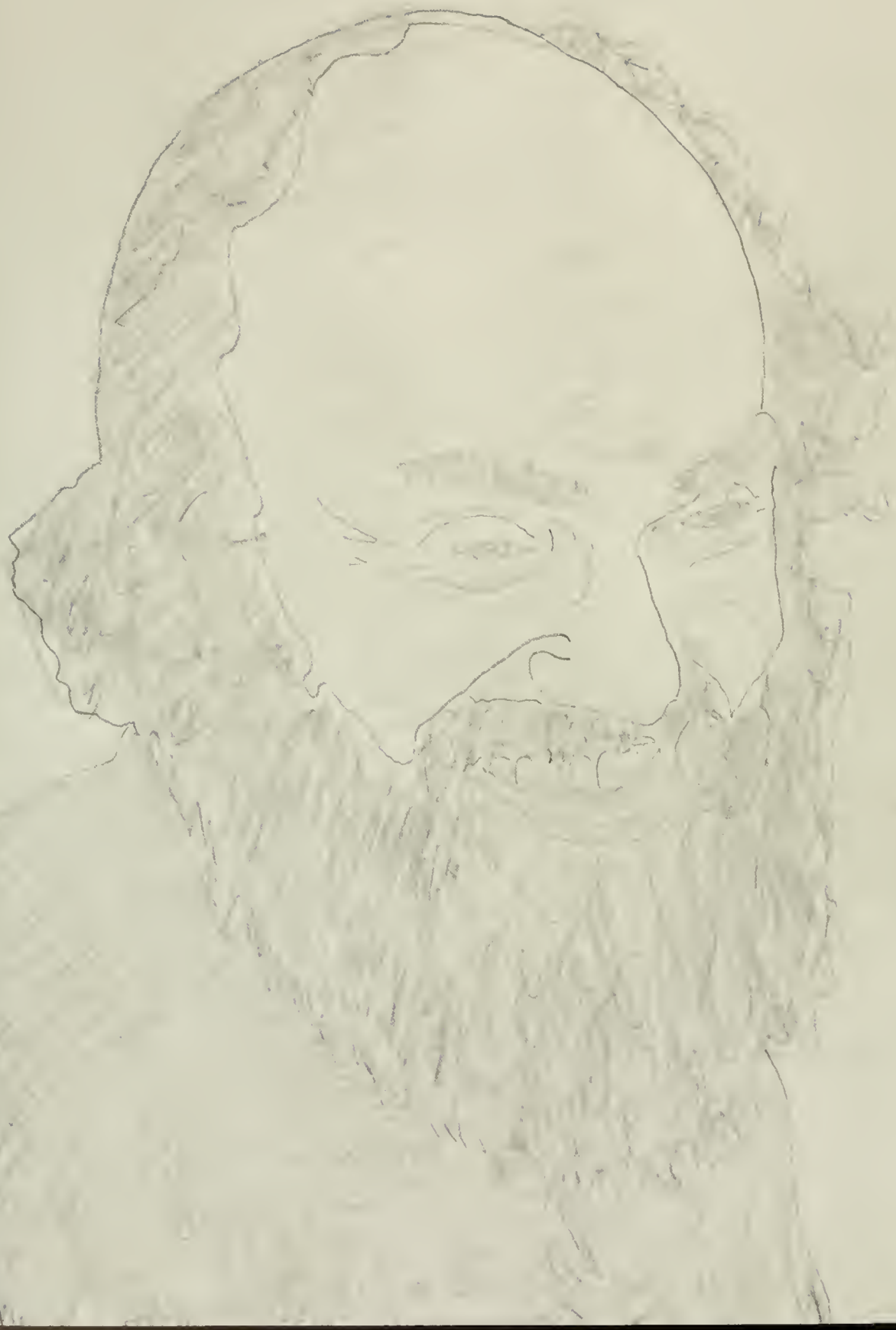
And so, my dear friends, I learnt that we are given the garden with the tools, but be it never well tended it will be ajudged barren if found to be uinhabited. And this is what is meant when it is said, 'Let it alone this year also, lest haply it bear fruit.'

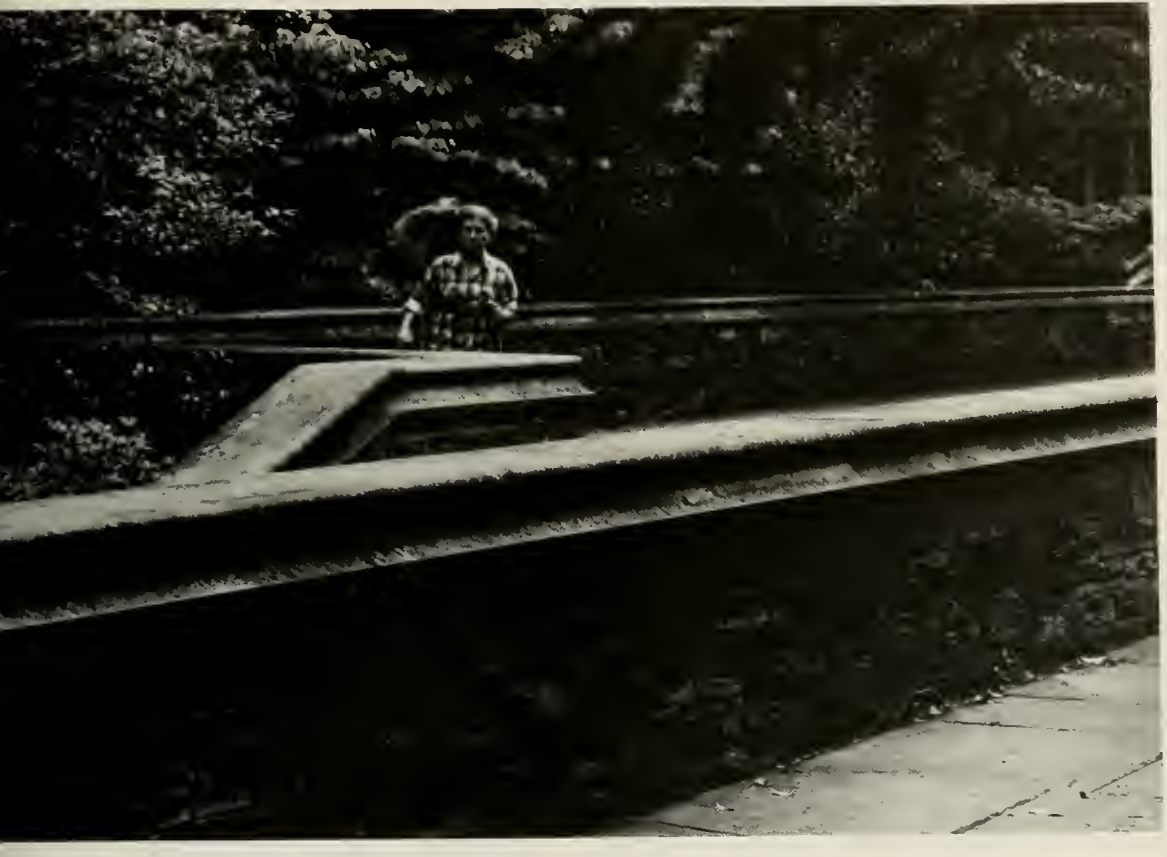
RJC □



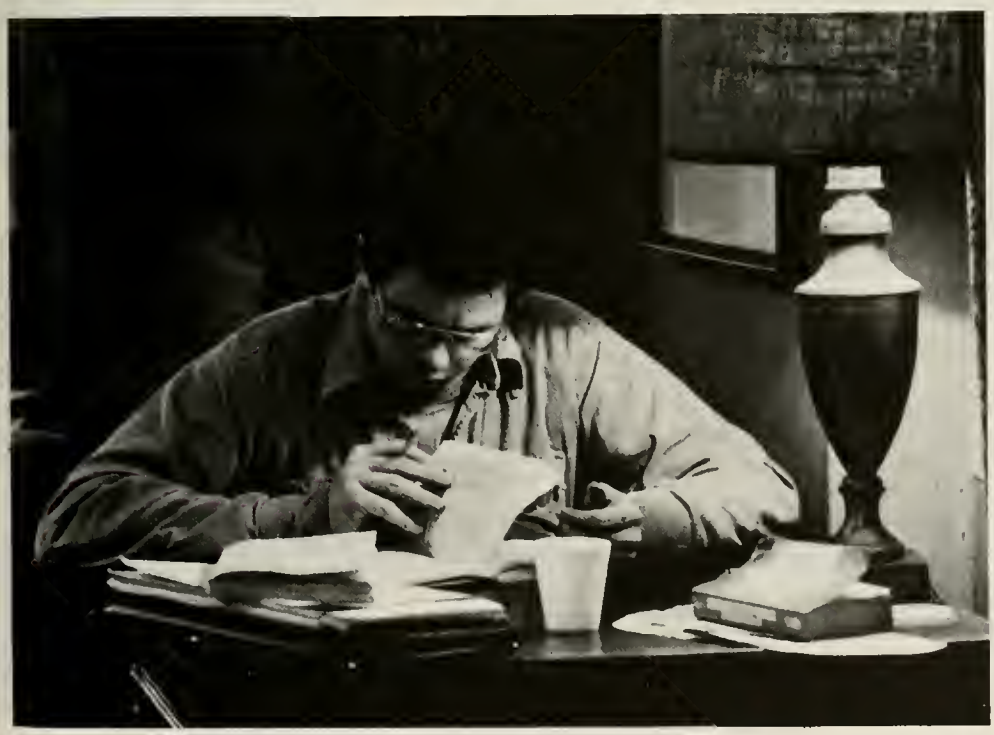
MUTE ILLUSION SAYS, "OṂ MĀNI PĀDME HŪṂṂṂṂ..."


Well, now you've seen it. But that's not all. Now go back backwards through the twelve, slowly looking at each again. When you've gotten to ignorance, again come rapidly back to here. Fast now, go back and then come again. Now you can begin to tear the pages out one by one and rearrange them in any order that you would think effective. At this point you may want to tear a few pages into minute pieces to examine the smallest fibers that make them up. If you have no use for the pieces, mulch your garden with them and watch that garden grow. If not now enlightened, throw the book away and go meditate. Words and pictures don't mean anything to anyone anyway.





Harold Parker, History



Jerry Coker, Music

William E. King
Allan D. Waufle
University Archives

Buford Jones, English

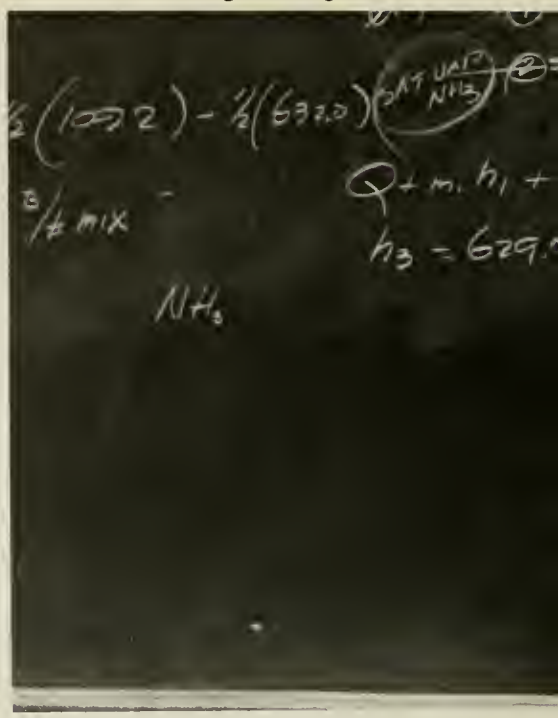
Victor Strandberg, English

Frank Smullin, Art

Martin Miller, History

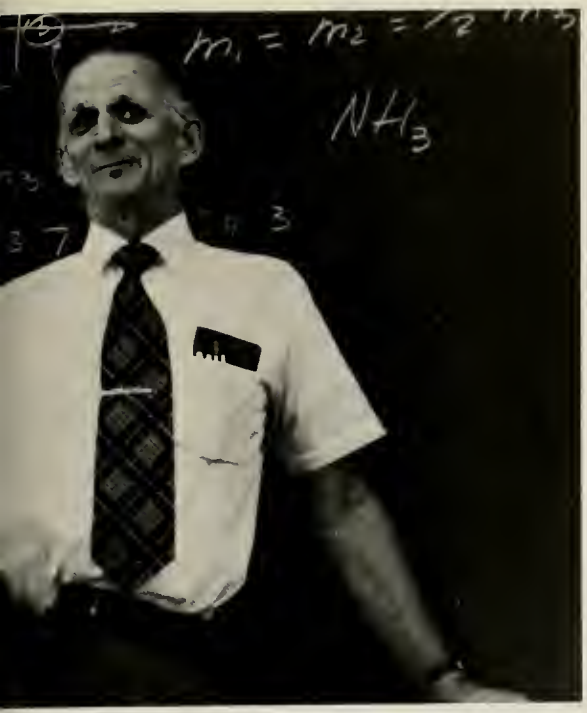
Charles Berquist, History

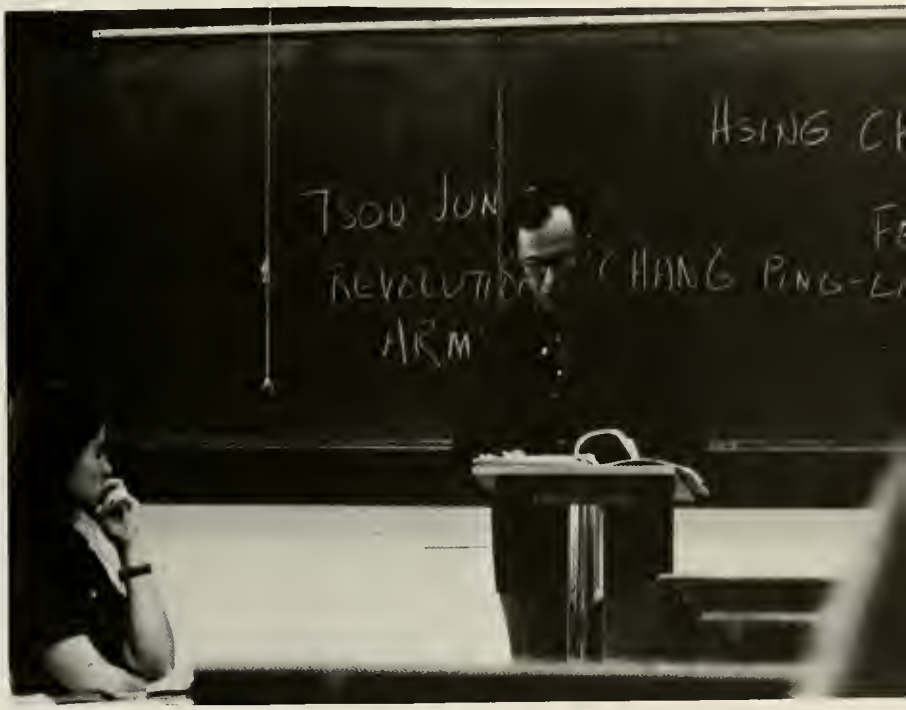
Ernest Elsevier, Engineering



Janis Antonovics, Botany

Chreighton Lacy, Divinity


$m_1 = m_2 =$
$NH_3$


HSING CH
TSOU JUN
REVOLUTIO
ARM
CHANG PING-L

Frank L. Borchardt, Germanic Languages

The gentleman on the right is
Roger J. Corless, Religion

## Classroom Conditions

In order to promote conditions for learning in the classroom, three things must be undercut: the notion of "class," the method of systematic doubt, and the goal of mastery.

The concept of "class" obscures the fact that only individuals learn, and, although more than one person can learn at the same time, it is individual response that must be worked for.[1] In addition, the concept "class" allows for the elevation of the professor and of method above the students. This is no call for the abdication of the professor from his responsibility for the course and for the need to teach methods. But individual students and what is being studied constitute the primary matter, and the concept "class" obscures the fact.

Although systematic doubt is safer than a habit of gullibility, it can also repress or unseat intellect and imagination. Consequently, I work for a climate of assent.[2] This is indispensible, of course, to the religious and literary texts, problems, and assertions I ask students to consider, since such matters cannot be understood or appreciated without taking seriously the possibility of their force and meaning. But more than this is involved: for each student in his or her own positions — and there are many different positions — stands, so to speak, in or on more than can be articulated or understood. Consequently, patience is called for. Not everything can be revealed or defended on the spot, and need not be.

In a climate of assent, postponement is promising. Of course, for postponement to work promises must be kept, worked on. But a course moves toward its ending, when more is being said with fewer words. The call for assent is no denial of challenge, disagreement, or restlessness, but it does root them in confidence. The ability to accept, entertain, and wait must be encouraged, even disciplined, and that cannot be done without a climate of assent.

Mastery as a permanent state, although the illusion of it may give security to students and a sense of power to the professor, cannot be a course's goal, since mastery is the sense of having maximized the possibilities of a particular moment. Certainly times when a sense of such achievement can be shared are coveted; but the moments are always changing, and that fact disqualifies mastery as a steady state. This is not a matter of knowing some things while not knowing others; it is, rather, that we find ourselves in worlds which, in undetermined ways, are both available and unavailable to us. Mastery is a momentary recognition of how and why that is so.

Teaching is the attempt to reveal the existing and possible relation between each student and what needs to be talked about. The emphasis in the classroom is on methods of stimulating or exposing that relation; the classroom matter is method, then, method understood as the elusive middle factor arising from, reflecting, and dissolving back into those real or possible relations.

Wesley A. Kort

1. See Ursula Brangurea's comments on teaching experiences in D.H. Lawrence's **The Rainbow,** Chapter XIII

2. I intend, with the term "assent", what Wayne C. Booth advocates in his book **Modern Dogma and the Rhetoric of Assent** (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1974).

## Poem Ordered In the Afternoon

Mo said to write an inspired
poem, and he didn't want any
bullshit.

---

It's clear
we labor over our faces,
make the lines and planes
a private geometry
to illustrate our soul —
provided in an edition of one.

I have a little packet of photographs
in my hands — the glossy
pieces for the puzzle
assembled in the larger mind.
Who are we?

Haunting.
A plastic medium this skin
stretched over the bones
(which perish last),
part determined
(his father's dimple,
her mother's earlobe),
and part free — flesh
that blossoms with a haunting
clarity to personhood.

It's clear we labor over
a little packet of photographs
that hold a tantalizing whiff
of the now scattered herd.

Aden Field, 26 May, 1975

L. Gillette

R. Muessel

P. Buescher

E. Putterman

K. O'Hanlan

Welcome to your faces. Though hardly traditional in its arrangement, we think you will find this section both interesting and functional. After all, twenty years from now, who will remember names, classes, or living groups. But the face, oh my God, the face. . . . All comments by the inhabitants of Duke University via the **Chanticleer** Questionaire.

M. Cullins

E. Bergem

P. Griffith

M. Miller

S. Witherspoon

C. Evans

R. Claflin

P. Friderichs

J. Hale

M. Hudson

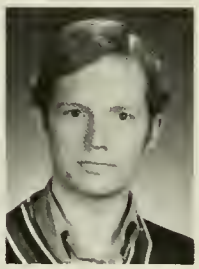
W. Settles

A. Peret

G. Parkerson

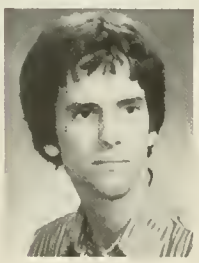
A. Peret

L. Lyons


J. Burton

G. Chessman

A. Asti


M. Ballard

J. Bartels

C. Adams

L. Pollard

C. Mesrobian

Duke has been everything I expected it to be. There are things wrong with the institution but these problems or similar ones are to be found at any university. My four years of school here have been and will be four of the best years of my life. I will strive to improve the environment around me but I will praise God for blessing me with so much that is here at Duke already, and for all His blessing upon me and this country.

R. Hyatt

J. Hanforth

A. Peret

M. Hildreth

M. King

C. Lee

M. Levy

K. Maloney

C. O'Nela

P. Penn

P. Schaefer

C. Shapiro

A. Watson

D. Wengert

C. White

D. Daniel

R. Truesdale

H. Weiman

R. Warnock

P. Feldman

G. Gill

J. Young

GOING TO DUKE IS LIKE BEATING YOUR HEAD AGAINST A WALL —
IT FEELS SO GOOD WHEN YOU STOP.

R. Ervin

L. Abdo

C. Abrams

G. Coleman

N. Bartels

R. Moore

E. McCants

R. Mayer

M. Park

C. Philpot

L. Lyons

A. Helene

P. Haverland

S. Hackney

T. Pippins

T. Forrence

L. Coleman

K. Foster

S. Rice

P. Rhodes

M. Young

F. Cecil

B. Agnew

T. Man

M. Trusty

S. Rainwater

T. DiMaggio

E. Starr

B. Romeo

P. Rancke

R. Kronengold

R. Biggerstaff

J. Heller

G. Dent

T. Barber

M. Jasmine

R. Finkelstein

M. Nelson

B. Matgo

C. Matthews

A. Marshall

R. Manhard

L. Fields

A time set aside without financial responsibility in which I could live as I wanted, think and write as best I could, and begin to decide what to do with the rest of my life; a time of open options, vast landscapes of possibility in which suddenly the horizon begins to narrow and choices can be made. For the first time in my life I became emotionally engaged by life in general, by people in particular. Somewhere at Duke lurks **something** Southern, some sign by which you know you love it or hate it, but cannot turn your back upon it.

W. Kelly

S. Honeycutt

J. Waddington

J. McNally

R. Tatum

P. Weir

S. Shore

J. Barr

R. Willet

M. Kirchner

F. Salomon

W. Russell

R. Ringler

D. Morris

M. Mittauer

W. Johnstone

J. Hovis

C. Younger

R. Wyatt

T. Singleton

P. Mendel

T. Heller

K. Hayden

M. Hartsell

B. Crigler

M. Butler

B. Barnes

J. Baker

S. Arguijo

R. Beacham

Jesus, what do I care,
what do I care.
Late is some steamy seamy
side of a Durham afternoon,
what do I care. What is to
care, you who exist on the noble
truth of rust in a road,
splash through my mud puddles
destroy my routine, your routine
of rutted dirt roads only fill them
with gravel to cover the puddles.

Christ, where to now,
where to now.
Lost on the backside of some
truth-laden dark draft, where to now.
Give me mountains, mountains, away with
this goddam jungle of twisted lives and
lies, you don't care, lie in the weeds
smear poison ivy on your loins until
Buck Duke cries uncle and
kills your mind.

E. Autrey

D. Cresson

P. Levinson

T. White

A. Walsh

L. Davis

K. Hill

K. Hazen

J. Feuer

J. Filipski

R. Early

W. Cooper

J. Brier

M. Bradford

M. Blum

S. Watson

W. Van Wagenen

M. Swartz

G. Streeter

P. Stavros

B. Powell

G. Mappin

S. Gellman

J. Hornaday

M. Halladay

P. Gwozdz

G. Podgorski

R. White

R. Baker

K. Li

F. Lay

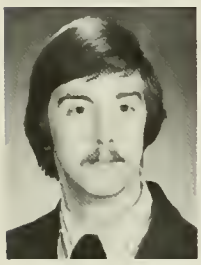
G. Hurt

P. Hawk

T. Friderichs

R. Coward

D. Caldwell


R. Young

R. Bosse

J. Buydos

S. Boyd

M. Blum

S. Dean

T. Davis

I have been experiencing Duke for eight years as of this writing. In a word, the exercise has left me "ambivalent". Perhaps a second word is required, "profoundly". As a result of the past eight years of my life at Duke (one or the other or both of the above, I don't know which causally), I am a profoundly ambivalent person. I was once not so. On certain levels I still am not, but these no longer express themselves in meaningful or creative action. They are rather expressed by a barely concealed violence; a will to destroy and render useless all meaningful things, as all meaningful things (or the attempt to ascribe meaning to all things) have/has rendered me useless. Fuck it. I'll go ride my bike. Have fun with this questionaire, suckers.

F. Coulter

G. Constable

J. Douglas

F. Moody

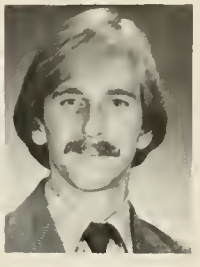
S. McCandless

C. Maida

A. Klein

C. Jarik

S. Hondzinski


D. Hanson

D. Graves

L. Stoehr

M. Smith

F. Rowley

R. Perkins

I don't think I'll know until I'm not here anymore.

D. McNeill

W. Mastorakos

D. Lorenze

W. Haston

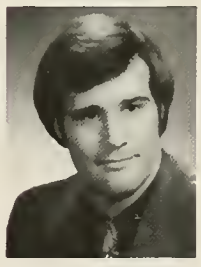
K. Gallimore

M. Bishoprie

T. Baker

M. Albert

G. Jacobs


T. Jamerson

D. Wheeler

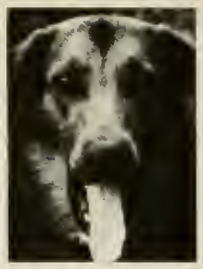
T. Truscott

J. Tidball

A. Sewell

L. James

B. Sherrill



T. Ansley

T. Oster

A. Ducker

R. Hower

R. Levine

G. Regan

F. Chow

C. Cookerly

R. Davies

W. Yamaguchi

W. McCarty

D. Ross

D. Shutler

W. Wells

D. Wolf

W. Traynham

C. Rind

W. Sando

J. Whitaker

J. O'Connell

T. Sublette

R. Rivers

P. Joffrion

D. Love

H. Ettinger

G. Wegwart

C. Hill

D. Trevaskis

N. Schmidt

R. Clausi

J. Bolt

D. Wooten

R. Altany

W. Shabb

T. Purcell

T. Cooper

W. Rodriguez

C. Nichols

J. Morse

The Duke experience is an "almost-becoming", a situation described by administrators as growth and by students and faculty as frustrating timidity. One walks, talks, studies, plays around here shackled, almost, but really unable to be free. This university **could** be great—but it is only mediocre because of parochial thinking, because of an unwillingness to risk. The place has an inferiority complex, and it shows.

B. Mattox

R. Ruderman

J. Warner

B. Schwartz

J. Stains

P. Motta

J. Rappazzo

M. Robinson

R. Sturm

P. Willman

S. Lyons

G. Lovejoy

B. Hamlin

W. Horne

P. Penn

R. Turlen

C. Hagberg

R. Dalton

W. Anderson

J. Cooper

A. De Laine

S. Volk

T. Daniel

S. Jones

M. Morgan

R. Rebeck

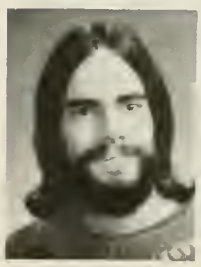
T. Keyserling

W. Koran

T. Spencer

D. Boyd

D. Chandler



C. Clipson

F. Dunaway

R. Hardgrove

E. Grube

M. Hassman

R. Haraway

W. Hoglund

E. Ireland

B. Morgan

D. Ennen

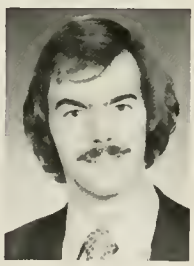
M. Bissell

As I choose to define myself, if and when I do, I array myself in endless rows of spitting burgers; each row, neat, symmetrical, each spelling out a concern, each as querulous as an amputee's nub. These concerns plague our existence, not unlike how the succulent udder of a lactating sow torments the nocturnal gismos of an Ag engineer, a pig fucker, who wastes nights basting beneath sheets, who wrests sleep at the expense of daylight, which puffs beneath his eyes and licks the crusted sores that lurch between his legs like an underworked treatise on barnyard disease. This daylight, shunned by the pigfucker, and his girlfriend named Kelley, peeps between the quadrangles and coeds, often both at once, and in its wake smiles flash, revealing public tufts, wads of hog gristle impacted between teeth, and me, flailing away at decisions around three in the morning, having done with the rest of my time what one does as a rule with it, having wasted and soft gummed it into passing, having filmed a hybrid banana today, one stem, two barrels, resplendent on a New York Yankee T-shirt, from every angle a Siamese banana joined at the waist, a genetic freak, the probability of its being nil, the odds of its occurrence arrayed in rows of spitting burgers, their net effect being precisely as calculated in these confusing lines, one of uncertainty, meat patties sprawled obscenely on institutional griddles, rasping at the touch of a spatula.

F. Brown

S. Malin

J. Morris



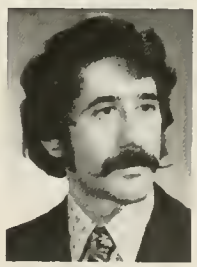
T. Tunnell

R. Smith

E. Anapol

A. Rumaks

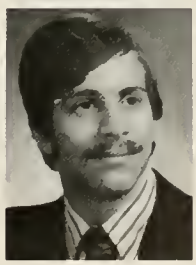
W. Sutherland



J. Silver

J. Ziurys

B. Luehrs



W. Lash

B. Graves

K. Pleas

A. Luckett

C. Richardson

H. Jones

J. Friderichs

J. Eastenau

M. Bolyard

A. Balbus

D. Atkins

R. Aborjaily

J. Bush

D. Yonke

L. Wojnowich

M. Glover

J. Wight

P. Montgomery

D. Emery

J. Dolph

I. Abrams

W. Saul

J. Martin

J. Bradshaw

M. Cobourn

C. Cause

D. Nicholaides

E. Kramer

S. Garland

J. Downs

C. Laws

G. Goodrich

W. Williams

B. Kluttz

D. Simmons

S. Hoffman

D. Duke

D. Hoyle

J. Frazier

L. Harris

W. Collins

M. Jorgensen

R. Burrus

K. Gerlitz

D. Hollar

C. Felder

R. Chase

R. Dozier

K. Cantrell

R. Latham

S. Haughton

D. Henderson

G. Hill

N. Ceto

S. Meador

M. Miller

R. Morrison

W. Dallas

R. Harris

J. Scaduto

M. Smith

R. Toomey

P. Wallace

B. Van Fossen

C. Wright

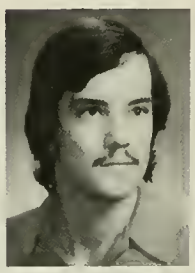
W. Prey

K. Westmoreland

R. Henrikson

R. Henderson

R. Meece


K. Comtois

B. Kolin

S. Sayler

R. Mayron

R. Peyser

R. Turner

J. Kreutzer

D. Kiel

J. O'Brian

Duke is plastic environment where the spoiled children of the rich and pseudo-rich come to pick up a B.A. degree from a prestigious institution, while attempting to prove to themselves how great they are. The atmosphere is frigid, and it is only with great difficulty that one can make friends outside of a small group. The students seem largely unprepared to engage in serious, mutually beneficial relationships, and content themselves with isolating themselves in frats or sororities. The Duke experience is a boring night with nothing better to do than getting fucked up.

N. Allen

C. Allen

T. Galanos

M. Orr

P. Hatler

K. Russell

K. Hamm

P. Waxter

K. Thomas

T. Westmoreland

J. Garnett

R. Mershulam

J. Margolis

E. Macom

L. Shaw

G. Peacock

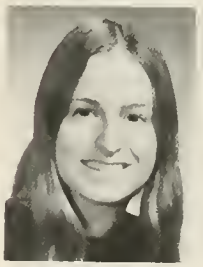
D. Mercer

K. Kart

A. Lansing

D. Whitehouse

E. Cecelski



H. Hopkins

S. Robinson

It was just so crazy, man, I mean so crazy. I didn't start the day at all and just walking down the road I felt the heat of the sunrise fry my skin into an unrecognizable mass. Yet there was a ride and the Buddha himself was driving down this highway of the dharma and dropped me off at this school for bodhisattvas. I walked across a Bodhi-field and thirty happy little Buddhas were laughingly nipping at my heels. Entering the Buddha hall, I was gulping donuts and they were Buddha donuts and smiling Buddhas were everywhere, jibbering about the dharma and laughing all about themselves. Exiting through doors of nonduality, duality lay all about, lounging with smiles. Who's to care? Outside the beautiful women of prajna were running through the Padmasambhava quad, joyfully displaying their divine organs, naked, nude, not condescending. Nirvana was a wet muscle, the big Buddha a starfucking renegade, totally free and affirming. Laying down flat on the driveways, I saw the concrete as the sky; what could be in between?

A. Johnson

C. Kahlenberg

C. Johnson

J. Laubgross

R. Leardo

C. Low

M. Meredith

C. Naylor

S. Nimock

G. Palmer

N. Plump

S. Smarr

S. Smith

D. Strone

E. Townes

M. Ways

D. Wilson

D. Wolf

S. Petrow

M. Lee

A. Turpin

B. Polkowsky

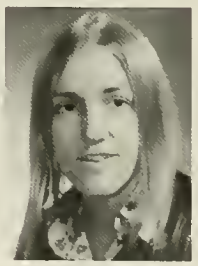
N. Miller

J. Therrell

J. Matloff

C. Kalavreitimos

K. Peterson


M. Mays

M. Latz

F. Miller

E. Lancaster

C. Labazee

J. Kronenberg

J. Koury

E. Kern

S. Jones

E. McLeod

L. McDonald

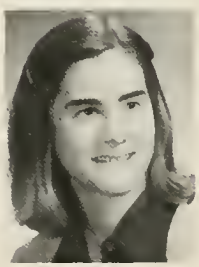
P. Sellers

B. Sears

S. Schwarzenberg

C. Sanford

M. Rusin



C. Polk

L. Peterson

C. Peel

M. Parker

C. Rickard

J. Rosenfield

C. Scolaro

E. Shankle

G. Shappert

G. Simmons

D. Sobel

K. Sords

M. Sosangelis

K. Devlin

E. Haller

R. Harris

E. Maxwell

O. Mayer

A. Reid

L. Thiel

J. Stoneburner

A. Tremoulet

C. Van Matre

K. Vaughn

J. Vessels

W. Waller

T. Weis

E. White

R. Wright

C. Fall

D. Edwards

D. Dunn

E. Duffie

P. Ducker

H. Hanigan

J. Greer

C. Graham

K. Irion

B. Ierardi

D. Hyman

M. Hotchkiss

H. Hoxeng

L. Hooker

R. Hogarty

S. Hirschman

J. Hesler

A. Hammerschmidt

E. Hedrick

W. Wallace

L. Williams

M. Strannahan

C. Umback

L. Terens

D. Soarks

S. Rolter

J. Schaffhausen

D. Seinford

C. Mynatt

M. McFadden

C. Means

S. MacDonald

A. Lapwing

C. Jones

B. Hiaasen

L. Halperin

J. Graumlich

R. Carolin

V. Benjamin

W. Woodman

M. Minn

G. Bauer

G. Ferrell

P. Konigsburg

W. Lamason

J. Lewallen

C. Northup

J. Spillman

A. Swofford

S. Wilkinson

L. Davis

C. Enright

R. Borman

W. Williams

A. Davis

B. Davis

G. Ferguson

L. Greene

E. Walker

G. Edmondson

M. Fortune

C. Everhart

P. Honigberg

W. Jolly

B. Hawk

W. Carson

J. Ford

H. Asbeil

J. Lindley

W. Middleton

A. Toppin

A. Wright

D. Tyukody

T. Thames

C. Tandatnick

L. Smith

W. Bennett

R. Altman

T. Brailey

L. McCrocklin

S. Dove

D. Heimbrook

P. Ballhaussen

J. Fluke

R. Kusnetz

S. King

N. Schlichting

J. McKinney

S. Schaaf

D. Rice

J. Gettliffe

M. Hester

H. Moffett

T. Ramsey

J. Rogle

T. Susac

H. Tingler

M. Andrews

D. Anderson

E. Ames

E. Black

K. Billings

A. Bender

K. Brown

B. Brown

D. Browder

K. Broderick

V. Broaddus

E. Colley

M. David

M. Coppedge

A. Douglas

L. De Voe

B. De Garmo

C. Fuller

P. Forester

D. Fisher

R. Fields

S. Johnson

M. Mautner

D. Mesnick

T. Mock

J. Cohick

R. Della Ratta

M. Drake

E. Earle

K. Farrell

M. Wise

H. Allen

M. Ball

A. Brown

S. Bryson

M. Mason

H. Hemsworth

K. Amos

K. Zuspan

G. O'Callaghan

V. Robison

C. Roberts

S. Adams

J. Johnson

S. Hanket

M. Meier

L. Marlow

S. Dieffenbach

S. Matthews

J. Moore

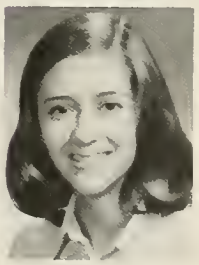
E. Ferraro

A. Fleishman

B. Gaston

A. Katz

J. Hitselberger



C. Hudson

D. Williams

W. Fox

E. Cohen

M. Carpenter

R. Arrington

G. McHale

R. Patton

S. Darby

L. Montfort

E. Campbell

S. Willits

L. Stahlheber

S. Westgate

A. Weiman

W. Hord

W. Hoffman

J. Green

M. Froemming

J. Freeman

L. Faulkner

C. deCastrique

R. Davis

R. Davidson

C. Daniel

D. Chatman

D. Boyer

C. Caudle

B. Bush

W. Brooks

M. Bassett

Duke has challenged me more than any other experience. I have learned (am still learning) how to learn and be confident in what I believe. Also I am beginning to understand the importance of knowledge. However, Duke has made me less sensitive and more selfish than ever before. I have been forced to care only for myself and not give time or energy for other people, i.e. running errands for friends, typing papers, helping people when they are depressed, letting others know I care. If I can't do these things then I am not a human being. Duke **can** teach its students to be walking, smiling corpses.

A. Dow

J. Baluvelt

S. Himmelstein

S. Hively

K. Grass

J. Gellman

G. Gallagher

L. Fischbeck

A. Eichner

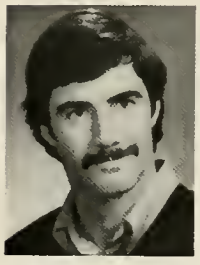
J. Arnold

K. White

M. Spurgin

A. Sperry

T. Rosenfield


M. Carney

S. Rill

J. Ovington

C. Nurmi

# . . FLASH (AP DURHAM) IN A SURP

D. Dembrow

L. Patton

B. Massa

D. Kuperman

S. Kellam

B. Kiehne

J. Jacobson

J. Huber

S. Holzsweig

L. Harmonay

T. Fritz

D. Gordon

P. Goodson

L. Evans

J. Estill

J. Keyser

T. Di Maggio

J. Berry

E. Baker

C. Ambroze

S. Jackson

L. Hunting

J. Honeycutt

C. Hom

M. High

L. Haubenstock

B. Harllee

L. Hall

B. Hall

L. Guthrie

G. Green

# RISE MOVE TODAY, XAVIERIA REVEALED

G. Gordillo

D. Gofreed

D. Gillespie

R. Reid

J. McHugh

J. Colella

M. Blanco

C. Williams

J. Allen

L. Katzenstein

L. Johnson

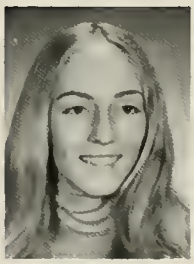
D. Zarutskie

R. Klemfuss

I have really had a good year here at Duke. I think I'm lucky because in many ways I escaped the trauma many freshmen suffer. I made many new friends, mostly upperclassmen, found my "someone special" early in the year, became a little sister to a fraternity (thereby rising above the blind date hassles during rush), became an officer of my dorm, got involved in choir, etc. I've enjoyed all of my courses, (especially since I've accepted the fact that I can't breeze through Duke with straight A's like I did in high school — I've learned to put grades in a different perspective) and I'm excited by what I've chosen to major in. My worst experience has been my horrible roommate, but other than that things have gone quite well for me. Overall, I've been very happy here, extremely busy too — but that goes without saying. I was slightly overawed by Duke when I came here, but now I feel like I'm a definite part of the university and I'm satisfied with my decision to come here.

# THAT THE CONTEMPLATION OF EMPTINE

S. Broom


B. Blount

J. Ireland

K. Hendrickson

L. Hankins

K. Pogmore

P. Jones

C. Yarbenet

E. Wilson

J. Symington

S. Smith

C. Ridley

D. Passerini

C. Elgin

K. Shepard

J. Tucker

N. Grulke

E. Hagan

L. Edelmann

R. Dyo

L. Markus

M. Ory

D. Pippins

K. Roberts

J. Neylan

W. Nicholas

G. O'Donnell

T. Sessions

D. Skinner

S. Smith

J. Stanford

M. Sutton

J. Swamer

SS IS NO DENIAL OF PHENOMENA. THE

M. Taylor

K. Viall

H. Weaver

S. Wells

S. Wetterer

C. Wickwire

S. Finestone

W. Havran

K. Huff

S. Pugh

G. Cox

D. Dawson

D. Zolnick

C. McClure

W. Melosh

A. Milenkovic

L. Miles

P. Penn

E. Mohr

M. Porter

M. Prince

L. Punzelt

P. Regan

L. Robertson

E. Robinson

W. Rogers

A. Rushing

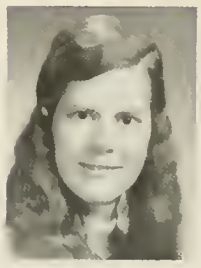
M. Samson

D. Segerlind

T. Steeper

M. Stopher

D. Jeffers


M. Johnson

RE IS NO SELF, THING, OR EVENT SHE

H. Sullivan

C. Snyder

E. Thalmann

Z. Tillson

E. Trusler

H. Weidman

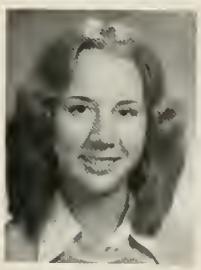
J. Weisman

C. Williams

J. Young

G. Lounsbery

N. Kyriazi


P. Koch

W. Knobloch

A. King

M. Justak

C. Jones

L. Baumblatt

D. Baumstein

M. Bell

A. Bowser

C. Conner

J. Costlow

A. Crozier

J. Ferguson

B. Fluck

C. Gibson

W. Huie

K. Hunter

B. Kanarick

J. Lancaster

L. Logan

S. Masters

E. Mertz

# GRINNED THAT IS REMOVED FROM COMP

B. Pigott

F. Segerlind

S. Slenker

C. Strachan

R. Sutter

E. Evershade

J. Farrell

L. Fleisig

A. Ginsburg

H. Hardin

L. Hatch

S. Havasy

K. Hemphill

J. Holmes

C. Holt

D. Johnson

K. Kasprzak

A. Kelley

L. King

G. Kyvernitis

A. Lancaster

R. Boehling

M. Burke

R. Calvert

D. Campbell

M. Carroll

F. Chesson

M. Chin

L. Cline

P. Cook

A. Dean

M. Demarest

D. Deckelbaum

# .ETE INTEGRATION WITH THE ENTIRE

S. Donahue

J. Earley

B. Brehm

D. Brodie

S. Brotherson

L. Bullard

J. Bunch

C. Bowers

B. Colvin

L. Cosgrove

S. Cross

M. Cruise

F. Dial

A. Ducker

G. Fauntleroy

D. Gibby

E. Elkins

S. Dowd

S. Dockett

D. Dietrich

M. Deyton

K. Butler

# UNIVERSE. EXISTENTIAL DESPAIR IS

R. Breedlove

D. Chandler

E. Chirichella

J. Connell

R. Bells

S. Balogh

A. Barnhill

S. Maxwell

L. Ram

J. Smallhoover

C. Desprez

W. Carpenter

M. Breslow

R. Berry

G. Ball

C. Asplund

C. Willis

D. White

G. Farley

E. Evans

S. Duncan

S. Demming

S. Wooten

R. Wilson

A. Milliken

L. Miller

M. McGraw

P. Lawson

S. Labensky

J. Kopp

K. Karukstis

H. Johnson

# ONLY A PRODUCT OF ILLUSORY SUBJEC

M. Jackson

K. Hunt

K. Healey

D. Zill

D. Waller

W. Trotter

M. Supplee

L. Schmetterer

L. Schenk

A. Reid

C. Powell

S. Cook

D. Clark

S. Hicks

J. Gardner

L. Haines

K. Hardin

A. Duus

A. Finnell

S. Gage

G. Donovan

S. Daskam

P. Coogan

B. Conner

E. Bounous

G. Butler

T. Campbell

D. Cherry

F. Alston

R. Avery

M. Adams

# TIVITY THAT GIVES A DISCRIMINATIN

A. Adegbie

T. Aden

R. Rumer

J. Rehder

M. Kimmitt

A. McCrary

M. McGlone

C. Scheck

M. Richard

J. Bauer

W. Keyser

C. Lau

K. Leverenz

L. Levin

E. Wolf

T. Thomas

M. Sun

C. Sprague

M. Shoutts

V. Siafacas

M. Shealy

M. Shavel

S. Mueller

C. Yaxley

E. Woodford

B. McCown

J. Longino

# G REALITY TO BOTH SELF AND WORLD.

G. Lattimore

R. Patten

J. Akman

B. Conway

P. Davis

N. Delong

C. Karukstis

P. Walker

G. Walker

L. Waldorf

L. Vollmer

D. Turton

M. Thienemann

A. Swanson

R. Rubinstein

V. Nichols

J. Ridgely

P. Ricks

K. Prechter

R. Paules

M. Parente

A. Mahesh

J. Alexander

G. Burke

M. Amoss

V. Parker

M. Mays

S. Peretsman

W. Armstrong

L. Johnson

E. Kay

T. Fisher

P. Miller

# FOOLS FEAR THE WORLD. A PAINTER P

C. Wimbly

G. Weaver

G. Sullivan

T. Spall

S. Slawson

P. Shields

S. Rumer

E. Rogers

J. Ray

J. James

E. Hollander

W. Waddell

G. Taylor

J. Sourbeer

L. Smith

L. Simmons

S. Sherman

M. Shapiro

S. Schwartz

R. Phelan

L. Rehr

M. Harvey

D. Harmer

L. Farrow

K. Essrig

C. Ennis

J. Ellis

P. Diaz

N. Deyton

J. Davis

# AINTS A DEMON AND SCREAMS. A CHIL

V. Cox

A. Conant

M. Cameron

G. Byrum

D. Bures

A. Brazell

T. Branch

C. Boness

L. Ahrends

P. Walsh

G. Burchill

S. Hanna

R. Clark

J. Batten

L. Parsley

A. Rogozinski

F. Jones

# D DIGS A MUDHOLE AND FALLS IN. HA

R. Siekmann

F. Worstell

R. Coachman

E. Dove

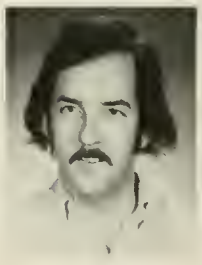
N. O'Toole

C. Allwarden

L. Valenti

T. Huff

B. Smith



A. Littman

C. Thompson

R. Carlisle

L. Cash

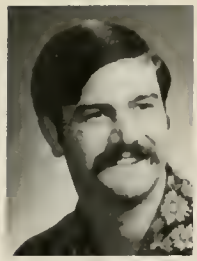
S. Woodward

J. McIntosh

D. Race

R. Tucker

L. Alexander



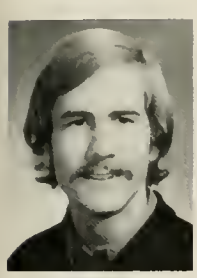
C. Wilson

W. Levinson

J. Johnston

B. Wilson

J. Jackson



B. Jablonski

P. Grigg

B. Harris

A. Meeder

B. Gilliam

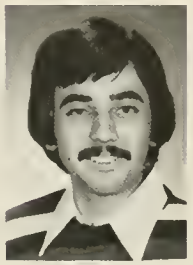
M. Bramble

W. Enright

B. Frost

C. Zombro

A. Bell



H. Martinez

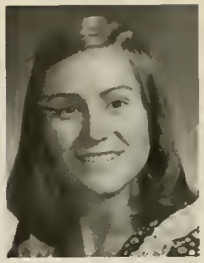
K. Miles

# PPINESS IS CALMING ALL REALMAKING,

S. Gartner

B. Brown

S. Brown


L. Buehler

J. Caudle

J. Coleman

J. Dale

D. Deibler

J. Moss

M. Mott

G. Neale

K. Norman

C. Poppe

C. Reimold

M. Reiman

J. Rhodes

B. Saltz

S. Silbergeld

# FORGETTING THE DREAMS. REFUSING

R. Smith

L. Schuler

K. Shapiro

B. Smith

S. Smith

W. Swift

J. Treat

J. Watt

K. Ward

H. Watzman

D. McCracken

F. Hamilton

M. Edgerton

D. Duus

E. Hensken

M. Jordan

K. Kaylor

S. Larrick

E. Lilly

J. Lovelace

J. Luke

W. McIntosh

S. Meeker

C. Merritt

M. Muench

J. Osborne

R. Smiley

A. Smith

A. Underhill

V. Stout

D. Hurlock

T, Kelley

E. MacKay

C. MacLeod

D. Mow

L. Silsby

# TO ELABORATE, SHE STATED IN DURHAM

J. Sparkman

S. Taborsky

B. Taylor

C. White

A. Wall

J. Warne

M. Wasman

C. Throckmorton

P. Adler

W. Barrett

L. Barnett

H. Bancroft

L. Baker

A. Bailey

L. Baier

T. Hendrick

M. Dasron

S. Park

S. Power

D. Rudnick

G. Simmons

D. Simmons

K. Somerville

E. Lindblade

J. Chang

P. Juraschek

C. Cotton

J. Puleo

H. Hemsworth

L. Foust

J. Heath

W. Drummond

# WE GROW SQUASH IN JULY . . . . . .

T. Dawson

C. Beattie

M. Wilhoit

C. Turner

S. Trus

D. Sidebottom

D. Pierce

D. Lupo

S. Kaneff

L. Jakus

N. Hoffman

S. Godwin

D. Forde

S. Campbell

L. Caldwell

D. Brandon

R. Tarlton

J. Pyatt

J. Sutton

S. McCarter

M. Kelly

B. Jones

J. Jeffrey

J. Dyer

J. Conner

W. Andrews

B. Buchanan

G. Reimer

E. Piggee

R. Porter

E. Waugh

D. Nordlinger

C. Wiener

B. Wermert

H. Taylor

giles

jarvis

aycock

brown

pegram

epworth

phi upsilon

alspaugh

phi kappa alpha

sigma alpha epsilon

alpha tau omega

I don't understand why anyone (except the nurds who never come out of their library holes) would want to abolish DUAA. Who would we have to scope? If I didn't have my scoping here, I'd go bananas. It's bad enough that Keith Stoneback is graduating, but at least leave me with the rest of the jocks. I think the majority of people at Duke would agree that there **is** a lot of academic pressure; and I would infer from this that they would agree that everyone needs to find some temporary escape from the pressure to preserve his (her) sanity. DUAA serves this purpose for many, in that it provides the sports events themselves and unexcelled scoping, in addition to the diversity of personality types it adds to this campus of nurds. Think of what Duke would be like without DUAA. How many girls who have interests other than academics would come here if they felt all they could find here was a campus full of nurds, lurkers, and rich preppies? If Duke is an intellectual jungle now, think of the problems if the area of athletics was abolished. What kind of grading curves would we face in so many of the crip courses? (Sorry, I don't mean to infer that jocks are dumb, but like so many of us, they're in the crip courses just trying to come out of here with a Duke diploma.) What kind of campus life would there be without the water fights, gatoring, and general all-around rowdiness of jock fraternities like the ATO's? What would we do to blow off, if there were no good and rowdy parties to hit? Of all the parties I've been to here at Duke, the jock fraternities get the rowdiest — therefore, in my opinion, these are the best parties on campus. (I mean, what good does it do to blow off studying unless you're having such a good time that you don't have time to feel guilty about abandoning your studies?) Enough said. Without DUAA, Duke would have nothing to offer besides its academics; the entire social aspect of college life would quickly deteriorate to the point of non-existence.

We drink whiskey with the best of them,
gin with the worst of them,
beer with the rest of them.
**We love the great, big, hairy-chested men —**
**We love the ATO's!**

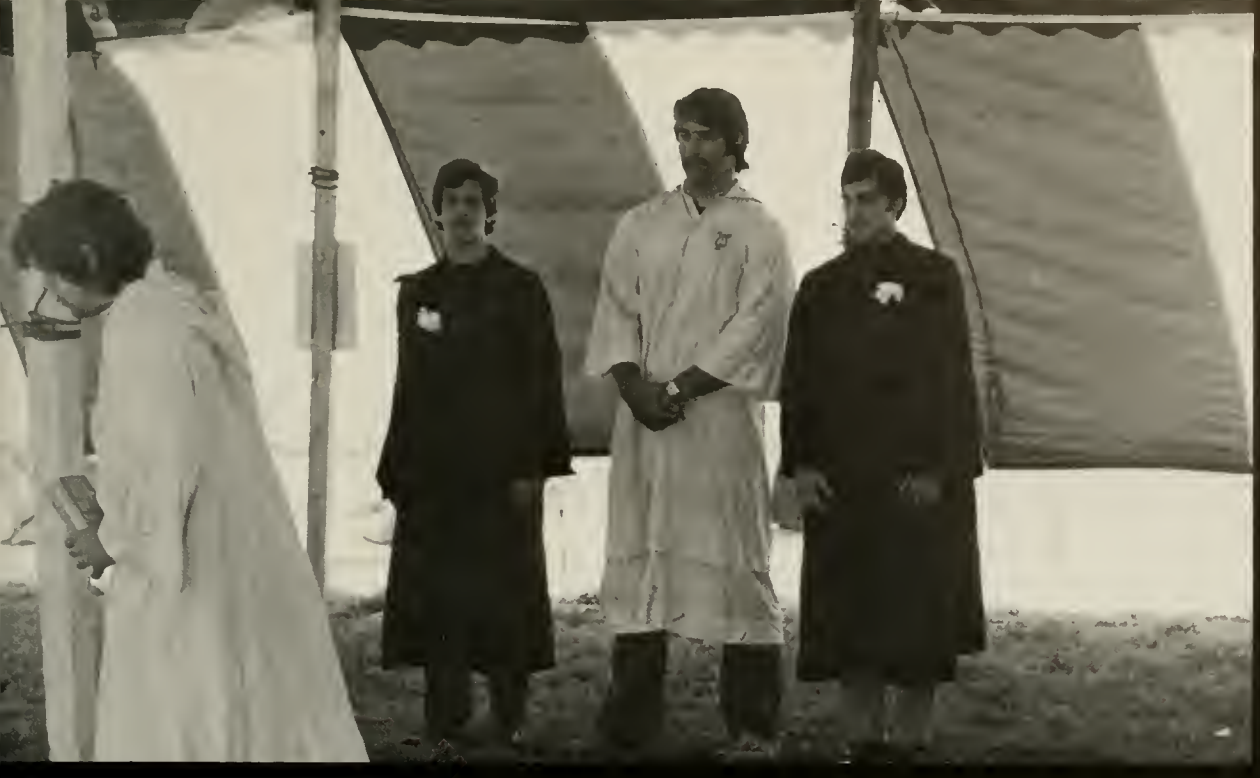
sigma chi

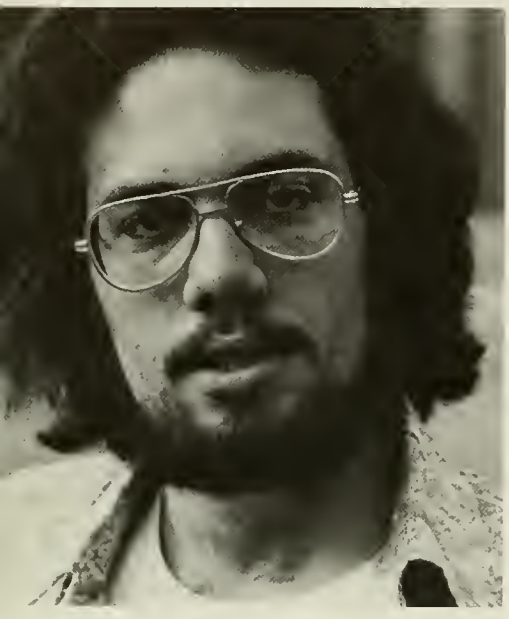
Washington, on being asked by a junior officer what his battle plans were, asked the man if he could keep a secret. On being answered in the affirmative, the general added, "So can I."

Talkers and futile persons are commonly vain and credulous withal; for he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not; therefore, set it down that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral.

When ye think ye know
the truth, go and read
the holy word.

Old Trinity Club, Duke's only remaining secret society, 20th anniversary





EXIT

DUKE
WELCOME
PHI DELTA THET

adidas

these people socalled were not given hearts
how should they be? their socalled hearts would think
these socalled people have no minds but if
they had their minds socalled would not exist

but if these not existing minds took life
such life could not begin to live id est
breathe but if such life could its breath would stink

and as for souls why souls are wholes not parts
but all these hundreds upon thousands of
people socalled if multiplied by twice
infinity could never equal one)

which may your million selves and my suffice
to through the only mystery of love
become while every sun goes round its moon

e. e. cummings
**50 poems,** 1940

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